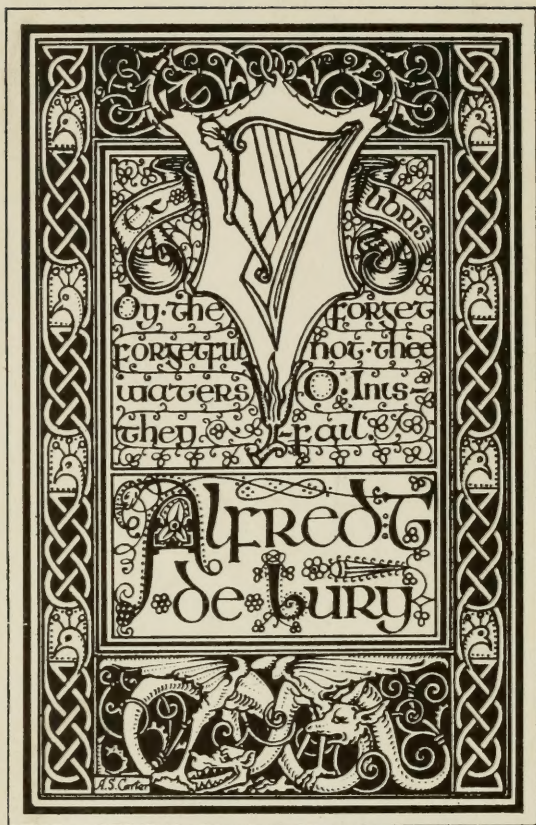



The
VISION OF DEMOCRACY
AND OTHER POEMS



V. A. CLARKE





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Kristen Alice Clarke

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VISION OF DEMOCRACY
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VIOLET ALICE CLARKE



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FOREWORD

SOME of the poems included in the collection have been printed at various times in the local press. Among these may be mentioned: "A Song of Peace" (*Star Weekly*); "The Red Letter Eleventh," "The Triumph of the Fleet," "A Modern Lorelei," "A Toast to the Press," "Our Fallen Heroes" (*The Mail and Empire*). "The Blue Gentian," "Pond Lilies," "Winds of Life" (*Globe*), "O Canada! Beloved Native Land" (*Victoria Colonist*). The bulk of the manuscript, however, has not heretofore been published, and is now respectfully submitted to the public for the first time.

V. A. C.

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THE VISION OF DEMOCRACY AND OTHER POEMS

THE VISION OF DEMOCRACY.

Dedicated to my cousin, Cecil F. C., his brothers, and others who served with the allied forces Overseas, and are now interested in "Reconstruction."

*For I dipt into the future, far as human eye could
see,*

*Saw the Vision of the world, and all the wonder
that would be,*

*Saw the heavens fill with commerce, argosies of
magic sails,*

*Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping down with
costly bales.*

*Heard the heavens fill with shouting, and there
rain'd a ghastly dew*

*From the nations' airy navies, grappling in the
central blue.*

*Far along the world-wide whisper of the south-
wind rushing warm,
With the standards of the peoples plunging thro'
the thunder-storm.*

*Till the war-drum throb'd no longer, and the
battle flags were fur'd
In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the
world.*

*There the common sense of most shall hold a fretful
realm in awe,
And the kindly earth shall slumber, lapt in
universal law.*

—TENNYSON.

HOME again across th' Atlantic, from the fighting
fields of France,
From our Motherland of England, where we
stopp'd by happy chance
But a few weeks, till a transport bore us o'er a
wintry sea
Back to Canada, our Homeland, on the tide of
Victory.

Joyfully we left behind us Europe's fateful scenes
of woe,
Tho' our hopes were weigh'd with sadness when we
pass'd where, row on row,
Lay our dead beneath their crosses, on the soil
they died to save
From the heel of Hunnish conquest: for world
peace their lives they gave.

Fruitful soils of hill and meadow, blood-soak'd,
blacken'd with hell-fire,
Show no signs of former verdure; sterile, raz'd
'neath foemen's ire.
Homes in hamlets, homes in happy towns of
Belgium and France,
Are, now, merely heaps of ruins, marking his or
our advance.

From the heart of mighty Europe, proud of
culture, proud of fame;
There evolved a thought of land-lust, which
o'erwhelm'd the world with shame;
For the mighty German Empire, ripe in war-craft,
strong, renown'd,
Stretch'd her greedy fingers seaward, over-leap'd
her lawful bound.

Sent the vanguard of her armies over Belgium's
neutral soil,
Figuring, if her soldiers speeded, they would find
France easy spoil;
But King Albert and his Flemish cried them
"Halt," and stemm'd the tide
Of 'th' invading alien army: many 'neath their
gun-fire died.

'Twas the boast of Prussian war lords that at last
had dawn'd the Day
When the "kultur" of the Teuton should thro'out
the world hold sway:
For the Kaiser and autocracy, believing "Might
is Right,"
Since they wanted lands and war-fame, fram'd,
they claimed, just cause for fight.

But the British, bound by blood ties, to the
haughty German throne,
Felt more bound by ties of justice, and would not
Hun claims own.

In the Fall of nineteen-fourteen Britain, Russia,
France, combin'd
In a pact with outrag'd Belgium: Prussian,
Austrian, might to bind.

Our Canadians in large numbers, with colonials
far and near,
Join'd the colors of the Allies: honor more than
life was dear.
Turkey join'd the Central Powers: Italy, Japan,
our side:
Then the States, our Southern neighbor: in the
cause vast numbers died.

After four years' fearful fighting, Peace has come
to earth once more:
By God's grace and our men's valor, we have
chain'd the dogs of war.
A spectator, not a fighter, in the service of the
Press,
I have seen heroic horrors that mere readers
cannot guess.

In our country, by God's mercy, and our soldiers'
wall of fire,
Nature's face unscarr'd and smiling, shows no
sign of foeman's ire:
Here destruction, devastation, have not wrought
material loss,
For the enemy was vanquish'd ere our borders he
could cross.

We must build again not framework, broken by
the bursting shell:
We must plant again not gardens, raz'd and
scorch'd by fires of hell:
For our buildings and our fields escap'd the
awfulness of war,
And our country in appearance looks the same as
'twas before.

But the people in our dwellings, on our lands, are
not the same
As they were before the war lords threw their
bombs of sin and shame;
Plunging into hate and discord men of kindly,
peaceful mind:
So, now that the war is ended, there's a world
wound we must bind.

There's a sore that breeds corruption, there's a
taint infests the flesh,
Which infects e'en those who were not broken in
the foul foe's mesh.
There's a germ of hate which hardens, we have
caught it from the foe,
There's a tendency to boast it—not to strive to
lay it low!

There are those who gave their manhood with a
true and lawful pride,
Bidding them be strong and valiant, who, now that
their lads have died,
Boldly say 'tis their opinion for the cruelties of
the war,
That the enemy, now vanquish'd, should be
recogniz'd no more!

Would the lads who gave their lifeblood to uphold
the cause of Right,
And who died, in their fond verdict, valiant
warriors in the fight,
Would these Fallen wish to leave the world a
baptism of hate?
Did they, dying, not desire in future world-hate
should abate?

The glory of their sacrifice, it lights the war-
clouds' gloom,
And bears a message from our dead from out the
silent tomb:
A message, and a promise, that the new world soul
to be
Will be freed from hatred's fetters, strong in love
and liberty!

A young poet* of rare promise, who his art did
sacrifice
For the hardships of the turmoil; and, for valor,
paid the price,
Said we must the hand of fellowship unto the
Boche extend
When he's beaten, if we'd have on earth a Peace
that will not end.

"Reconstruction," 'tis the slogan of our men who
homeward hie:
"Reconstruction," 'tis the platform that our
politicians cry:
And our people they are pressing, they are pushing
towards this goal,
For they think for future progress there should be
a reborn soul.

*Bernard Freeman Trotter.

If the world is reconstructed—and 'tis with this
end in view
They have form'd a League of Nations—countries
must be “reformed,” too:
Austria, Germany and Turkey, justly fallen tho'
they be,
Must stamp out their former errors, and be reborn,
strong and free.

They have paid the cost in manhood for their lust
of land and power:
They must yet pay huge indemnities—it is the
Allies' hour!
They'll be handicapp'd for years to come—they
must redeem their past—
And build their states anew upon foundations that
will last!

They must work out their salvation—they'll get
little outside aid!
They must rest for future years upon the bed that
they have made!
And it's not a bed of roses, but, mayhap, a bed of
thorn,
But what matter the chastisement, if a nobler
soul be born?

Germany, the seat of culture, industry, resource
and power,
Hath, like Rome and Babylon, fallen, in an evil,
selfish hour:
Coveting a world-wide sceptre, subjugating man
to state,
She prepar'd the soil and sow'd it, for a harvest
of world-hate.

Drinking deep of Prussian morals, Prussian
precepts of late years,
With a Prussian-minded Kaiser, did she feel for
empire, fears?
Nay, she bent her mind to Bismarck's and her war
lords' iron wills,
Casting old ideals behind her: with mind filth her
state she fills.

Visions of a vast machine, a state built up of iron
men,
Freed from binding qualms of conscience: breeds
of serving supermen.
"Out," she cried, "with Christian precepts, they
are out of date to-day.
Unto Treitschke, Nietzsche harken, they will yield
us surer sway!"

Drinking thus of putrid fountains in their days of
power and wealth,
How could German intellectuals hope to hold the
national health?
Germany is now "taboo" upon the goods her
people make;
For, if not, what alien agent would her manufac-
tures take?

Out from Germany the "germ" purge of their false
ideals and hate,
Give unto the "many" wisdom, and a "voice" in
national fate:
False have proved their former idols, fallen,
trampled in the mire
'Neath the bombardments of Justice, and the allied
foemen's ire!

In her hour of threat'ning terror, France cast off
her levity,
Chose no Nietzsche for her prophet, no agnostic:
wiser, she!
Renan's grandson, Psichari, penn'd for her sons
heroic lore;
"L'Appel des Armes," arous'd their courage: in
the trench o'er this they'd pore!

Foch, a Catholic, led her armies: such strong
genius was his dower,
He became "generalissimo": o'er all allied hosts
had power.
France with Britain and their Allies, bravely
fought mankind to free
From the tyranny of despots: to make safe
Democracy!

After weary months of waiting, Peace is brought
to painful birth:
Is it shadow? is it substance? is it strong to bind
the earth?
Is it strong to bind the nations in the bond of
unity?
For "In union there is strength," they say, "when
seal'd with Liberty."

Hard the clauses of the treaty to the vanquish'd
nations' pride,
Yet they sign'd it and declar'd that by their
pledges they'd abide.
Stripp'd of lands and stripp'd of honor, derelicts
'mong nations they.
Have their peoples future prospects? Are they
doom'd to swift decay?

Do the remnant of their races recognize the worth
of right?

Do they feel repentant truly for their wanton
deeds of might?

Have these nations found salvation? In a surer,
saner way,

Will they labor for the dawning of a future,
hopeful Day?

They have cast out all their princelings from their
pinnacles of pride:

“No more kingdoms but republics.” Austria,
Germany decide.

Yet we know in Britain, Belgium, where just
monarchs wield their sway,

Kingly chiefs receive due homage, and help on
the people's Day.

Whether empire or republic, let the people this
decide,

And, when they have wisely chosen, let them by
their choice abide!

Since in Germany the Kaiser wielded selfish, despot
sway,

We approve the nations' verdict that his sceptre
pass away!

Russia, Germany have spoken and dethron'd beyond
recall

Those who once were their lov'd rulers: awful,
hopeless was their fall!

Tyrants, puppets of a system which was doom'd
to sure decay,

They, fast holding to its tenets, have their birth-
right cast away!

Loud the allied peoples clamor for the fallen
Kaiser's head;

For the blood they gave, the griefs they bore, they
fain would see him dead!

But the people he misgovern'd still would shield
their royal chief,

Minus crown, hope and ambition: this they'd make
his dole of grief!

Holland gives him neutral refuge: should she
yield him to his foes?

What would satisfy their craving to avenge their
weight of woes?

Would a scaffold stag'd in London satisfy the
allied rage?

Might not such fate cast a halo o'er his ignominious
age?

'Tis the people of his nation he most wrong'd by
selfish aims,
And his dynasty now outcast: and his God whose
name he shames!
But his people ask not vengeance, tho' he fed them
hatred lore;
And his sons would be his scape-goat to his foes for
waging war!

Shall it be the shame of Holland that a shelter
she affords
To a selfish, dethron'd ruler, chief of Germany's
war lords?
Shall she spend her coin in guarding one notorious
in shame,
Who persists in sawing saplings into blocks to
bear his name?

Should she rather yield him gladly to his enemies'
ill will?
What fate for him will be final? Is it Holland
keep, or kill?
He will soon leave Amerongen for his purchas'd
House of Doorn
If not stopp'd and given notice that for him there's
other bourn.

Can an inter-allied council of world nations him
arraign,
Kill or banish his doom'd person; brand him of
world-peace the bane?
If still Holland would retain him, since he
sanctuary sought,
And will not, unforc'd, face trial, as we feel a
strong chief ought?

Whether Holland holds or yields him, should his
wealth not forfeit be
To the state which he misgovern'd, struggling to
democracy?
Heavy are the obligations of his vanquish'd people
now,
And that they will surely meet them, this their
leaders all avow.

Will the people pressing forward to a nobler, saner
life,
Labor hard for frugal living? shun all Bolsheviki
strife?
Save all surplus for their taxes and all luxuries
forego,
That they may fulfil their pledges? Will they do
this, yes or no?

While they groan beneath the burdens which their
future holds in store,
Should the Kaiser keep his fortune? Let him,
rather, hand it o'er!
If allowed to live in Holland or upon some foreign
strand
Let him have a pauper's living, and the state his
wealth command!

Are the economic burdens which our conquer'd foes
must bear
'Neath the terms of the peace treaties, in the scales
of Justice, fair?
They are somewhat mitigated, due to protest from
the foe,
Will the Allies in the future further mercy to
them show?

Will the ninety thousand prisoners who shortly
will be free
To return unto their Fatherland, not tell in
Germany
How in prison camps in Britain they were given
treatment kind:
Will such tale of foeman mercy not impress the
German mind?

Spite of endless protestations they still kept their
brutal code
Of abusing allied prisoners; nor sensed they it hurt
would bode
To their claims for clemency when terms were
being fram'd for peace;
That they did not, when requested, cause all out-
rages to cease.

On the fourteen points of Wilson they agreed to
treat for peace,
But more drastic terms were proffer'd; now they're
sign'd, for war must cease!
Loud their protests of injustice, for they could not,
seeming, see
How great was their weight of sinning 'gainst the
world's humanity!

Justice, shadow'd by suspicion, fram'd the treaty
of Versailles.
Will the clauses of this peace pact for world unity
avail?
Will the countries reconstructed as the outcome
of the war,
Cast all grievances behind them? live at peace
for evermore?

Ominous the protestations, not alone from fallen
foes
Who had hoped a mitigation of their future weight
of woes,
But from nations of the Allies, quarrelling o'er
allotted spoil;
Clamoring for increase of monies to reward their
fighting toil!

Tho' demanded must indemnities be for the costs
of war;
Manhood paid the toll for manhood; lands, per-
force, were handed o'er;
If too huge amounts are asked from those we con-
quered for our gain,
We may press for future payments, but we know
'twill be in vain!

Germany hath sign'd the treaty, for starvation
forc'd her hand;
Ostracism from world nations; inter-commerce
contrabrand.
Dire necessity constrain'd her; she was given no
other choice
Even if, in the League of Nations, she should be
denied a voice.

Austria, also, under protest, sign'd the proffer'd
terms of peace:

Economic ruin fac'd her: need for war at once to
cease.

Other terms of peace were veto, for the Council
of Versailles

Fix'd the final, allied peace terms which, for world
peace, would avail.

If the Allies fram'd the peace terms and the
League of Nations' scheme,

And the conquered powers must sign it, nor of
variations dream;

Why should statesmen of the Allies in their
parliaments delay

Ratifying, even if faulty, terms their foes are
pledg'd to obey?

If the "Red" unrest in Russia must be stemm'd
lest its strong tide

Overflow the realms of Europe and from thence
becomes "world-wide,"

'Tis the duty of the nations who at Versailles
sign'd the Pact,

To enforce the peace they ask'd for, and upon its
precepts act.

They comprise the League of Nations: they have
pledg'd their sacred vow
To co-operate for world-peace: wars no more will
they allow:
Just and honorable relations 'mong the nations of
the earth,
They have vowed shall mark the issue of humanity's
re-birth.

This world body, at Geneva, or elsewhere, shall,
once a year
Meet in council o'er world problems, and shall
world suggestions hear.
Other nations will be welcom'd, and admitted when
approv'd,
To this Parliament of nations, if by worthy
motives mov'd.

'Tis a League of mighty promise—'tis the Parlia-
ment of man,
Where the nations pledge their peoples to with-
stand, whene'er they can,
International transgressions, strife and foul
cupidity,
By the laws of arbitration and impartiality.

What hope can the future offer for cessation of
war-crime
Save such union of world nations? Surely now's
th' accepted time
To build barriers of brotherhood to fell the dogs
of war,
Nip incipient, national hatreds: find some way to
smooth them o'er!

If in future some world power, Germany or
Austria, say,
Covets provinces or colonies, let them a set price
pay.
Let the League debate all land claims; state and
world divisions hear,
When their international council at Geneva meets
each year.

Better far when sway'd by land lust and a greed
for increas'd power,
Rulers, leaders of vast peoples should their nation's
wealth deflower,
To add lands to their dominions, then some future
time again
They should sacrifice in battle millions of their
choicest men!

Better far for war prevention nations join in
 plighted vow
To maintain intact world honor, then all claims
 they disallow
To uphold their fellow nations aiming at perpetual
 peace
And relapse to isolation and self-centr'd, shelter'd
 ease!

Canada, my native country, as a nation ratifies
In her Parliament the treaty, and assumes the
 Peace League's ties.
Britain, Belgium, France have seal'd it: but the
 States from day to day
Harp upon its imperfections, and to ratify, delay!

Last to join the Allies' standards: last the peace
 to ratify:
That is, if she ratifies it, ere th' allotted time pass
 by!
Outside of the pale of nations pledg'd for peace she
 may remain
Till some future time a suppliant, place and
 prestige she'd regain!

Vainly presidential pleadings fall upon the prejudic'd ears
Of his Opposition party who receive his words
with sneers.
Yet the world's voice yields him homage: on her
scroll of honor, he,
As an honest, fearless, champion of the cause of
liberty!

"Obligations international, world ideals," objectors
say,
"May demand state sacrifices costly to the U.S.A.
First ideals, first obligations to America our state!
We'll not sign save with amendments, we'll not
tempt an adverse fate!"

"Sanction us no League of Nations—'tis a faulty,
ideal scheme:
Nations joining will be victims of political world
dream!"
But too late these protestations, for the League
exists to-day,
Whether they elect to join it, or in isolation stay!

Imperfections in the treaty may upon some future
date

Be amended by League members, but the States
may join too late!

While her Senate still debates it, in her capital
to-day

Meets a world Industrial Conference held beneath
the Peace League's sway!

While the Senate still obstructs it, fear of anarchy
is rife

In the conquer'd Teuton powers, struggling for
their national life.

Need of credits, need of monies for the new-form'd
German state

Must be met to save the nation from a Bolsheviki
fate.

If no Christian trait constrains us to assist our
fallen foe

In the fight for her existence: if no mercy we
would show

To the struggling, suff'ring, conquer'd who would
build their state anew,

For our own sake we'd assist them since they're
debtors we can't sue!

They have sign'd, perforce, the treaty: they have
heavy debts to pay
To the Allies who o'ercame them: we cannot their
trade gainsay.
They can import, they can export even as before
the war;
But they shall not undersell us: we'll stop that
for evermore!

"Reconstruction," 'tis the problem that confronts
the human race:
"Reconstruction," 'tis the platform that all
politicians face.
And the people, see, are pressing, they are pushing
towards this goal,
For they think for future progress there should
be a re-born soul!

Here in Canada, my country, rich in minerals, rich
in soil,
Yielding grains and fruits "par excellence" to
reward the tiller's toil,
Much unrest, I find, is rampant: much suspicion,
much distrust:
Far from normal the conditions: men do things
because they "must!"

Not yet has the Union party form'd to push the
needs of war,
Split into its old-time parties: some wish "Union"
evermore!
All its partisans united, "Canada First" their
party cry;
But, now that the war is ended, some for old
conditions sigh!

Tories, Grits, who form the Government, cannot
on all things unite;
And the Liberal Opposition shows, at times,
considerable fight!
Some have slipp'd the cords of Union and upon
"cross-benches" sit.
Many more would shortly follow, if they found
occasion fit!

Some who snapp'd the ties of Union have resum'd
their party tie,
For they felt for peace and progress arbitrary rule
should die.—
They have join'd the Liberal party, for its platform
won their heart:
Tories, too, still in the Union fain would from its
shackles part!

But some Coalition members still would Coalition
stay:

They're not Liberals, they're not Tories, as the
parties stand to-day!

Let all partisans leave "Union," but let these in
"Union" stay:

But all should seek re-election at some near
approaching day!

"Big finance," a railroad "bargain" of a specula-
tive kind,

Meaning large outlays of monies, tempts the
governmental mind.

It may prove a paying asset, let us hope, at least,
'twill be!

But our country's debts increasing seem to spell
"economy!"

New class parties spring to being: rural men arise
in might

And, to win farm legislation, strong the old-time
parties smite!

Prohibitionists in Union, radical reformers they!
Push their aims before all others, and they win
"the right of way."

Shall our great Ontario Province, proudly
Protestant, succumb
Unto national isolation, that she may straitway
become
The "Utopia" for all Puritans of the prohibition
type?
Well, why not, if 'tis "quite certain" Christ
approves this stroke for "Right!"

"Prohibition" is the platform now our politicians
cry,
For they feel the public pulse, and, lo, it registers
"bone-dry!"
"Prohibition" is the plank, the rock, on which all
parties split,
And four "no's" upon the ballot—'tis the public's
humble "bit"!

'Tis the issue of most interest in the minds of men
to-day:
'Tis the boast of all strict statesmen: for they find
it well doth pay
In the records of elections, prohibition planks to
own:
For the principles of politics, when true, have moral
tone!

Yet we may not class "barbaric" all who may
"beer-baric" be:

Many may be honest workmen in the ranks of
industry.

But the bar for aye is branded: few will sanction
its return:

Better clubs must claim our laborers when for
social life they yearn!

But if brutal German humans lov'd their beer, why
so we fear

Do our worthy British cousins: let us whisper in
their ear,

"A great 'dry' wave from our country will, ere long,
sweep o'er your land;

And ye may not hope to stem it, for all 'beer'
tastes will be 'bann'd'!"

If our ardent "up-lift" statesmen feel coercion is
quite right

In the cause of prohibition, and will all concessions
fight,

Why upon this weighty issue should our old-time
parties split?

Why not band in Union party citizens who favor it?

All extremists from both parties should themselves
together band
To force "bone-dry" legislation on the people of
our land.
Influential men support them, they monopolize our
press,
Why not? since their aim is "up-lift" and the
drink curse to suppress?

But the recent referendum, "dry" by big majority,
Also showed some hundred thousand "yes-es" in
minority!
Many found the questions puzzling: many answered
erringly:
And we know tho' "dry" votes carried, many still
discordant be.

"Can we win them to our thinking?" let all true
teetotalers ask:
"Should we force them, unconverted, in our right-
eousness to bask?"
'Tis a problem: 'tis a puzzle: wayward ones, adult
and child,
Need wise checking: but oft parents, over-pious,
drive sons "wild!"

Compromise and moderation: 'tis the fairest,
 squarest way
To effect conciliation, and impending strife allay
Twixt extremists on all issues that perplex
 humanity:
Bringing back the tides to normal: making safe
 democracy!

Both the old establish'd parties in Ontario came
 to grief:
For the Farmers' new-form'd party, stronger then
 surmis'd belief,
Won big backing, for its members running 'gainst
 old party men:
Neither liberals nor tories were return'd to power
 again.

They will form the Opposition: liberals, tories, both
 combin'd
Are in actual numbers fewer than the party power
 they find.
Farmer-Labor, "Ufol" members, they will rule the
 House to-day:
"Classes" for the "masses" working: democratic,
 rural sway!

They maintain the old-time parties have out-worn
their usefulness:

They believe "new blood" is needed public griev-
ance to redress.

"Radical reform" their platform: quite progressive
on the whole:

But their chief aim rural interests: this, avowedly
their goal!

"Nemesis" unto the tories who downed reciprocity,*
Made of farmers' sons war conscripts: that they
should defeated be

By men zealous for farm interests: half of them
old tories, too!

And the liberals, likewise losers, wonder what 'tis
best to do?

If the "Farmers" is the party which in future shall
hold sway,

How can city-bred aspirants join its ranks? What
is the way?

Rural men attend town colleges if citified they'd
be:

May townsmen attain farm training? qualify politi-
cally?

* The writer received a letter of commendation from the late Sir Wilfrid Laurier upon a poem she wrote dealing with the reciprocity issue.

"Equal rights for men and women:" 'tis a U.F.O.
ideal.

Might a farmerette win favor, and become a U.F.
leal?

"Back unto the land for honors:" is it not the
coming cry?

Will not such aims lower living, which is now ab-
normally high?

Back unto the land, O soldiers, turn to ploughshare,
straight, the sword:

'Tis the way to help production, and will yield you
rich reward!

Leave the offices to ladies: they will work for lesser
pay:

Why should they yield you positions? Out unto the
land, I say!

Must men hire out to service? since our business
world abounds

With young women doing men's work? such a ques-
tion me astounds!

For I like not men effeminate, nor maidens mascu-
line:

Neither add unto their value, stepping o'er the
border line!

England for her soldiers' placing back into civilian
life,

Has a plan our land might copy to avert industrial
strife.

She gives pay for unemployment, but she finds em-
ployment too:

Places soldiers in positions: finds fit work for them
to do.

Lose not heart, Canadian soldiers, Canada will see
you through:

She has cares of reconstruction, and you have your
part to do.

Take whatever gifts she proffers: all things come
to those who wait:

But the land—for you 'tis calling! it is Fortune's
open gate!

Toronto, 1919.

ADDENDUM

STANZAS APROPOS TO-DAY FROM

"THEN AND NOW."

*'Tis the old chameleon fable, verified in stately
verse,*

*In some things the world is better, while in others
it is worse;*

*All depends on how you view it, in the sunshine or
the shade,*

*When the flowers are blooming brightly, or the
brilliant colors fade.*

*Which upon the whole is mightier, who has light
enough to say?*

*Does the twilight tend to evening, or to bright,
meridian day?*

*Are there gathering glooms that presage an ap-
proaching, dismal night,*

*Or dispelling shadows, vanishing before a morning
bright?*

*Many hoary wrongs departed, tell of progress on
those lines,
And, of social peace and comfort, there are many
hopeful signs,
But the old oppressions linger, though in new and
modern forms,
And the heavens are black with cloud-banks that
betoken coming storms.*

*Science has yoked up the forces which thro' nature
are diffused,
And they lie no longer idle, dormant powers by man
unused,
But monopolies and nabobs, pouncing on them as
their prey,
Reproduce the wrongs and hardships of a bygone,
feudal day.*

*Coat of armor, bow and arrow, glittering sword and
pointed spear,
Old-time weapons of rude warfare from the conflict
disappear.
Acts of Parliament and charters now empower the
favored few,
At their will to fleece the many, just as barons used
to do.*

*Scholarship and education in these days are free
to all,
But they do not rid the masses of their former,
captive thrall;
They are like "dumb, driven cattle," forced, tho'
much against their will,
To obey tyrannic masters and submit to bondage
still.*

*Is it now the burning question, in this age of
vaunted light,
What the poet, preacher, tells us, "Is it true and
is it right?"
Rather do not men and women in our much enlight-
ened day,
Ask on every mooted subject, "Is it safe and will it
pay?"*

*Still the multitude unheeding, blindly drink the
potion given,
Take the words of human teachers, as the very
words of Heaven;
Only few with faith and courage, truth herself
supremely prize,
While the slaves of pious custom, still the dead past
canonize.*

*Still men "meekly cringe and pander to advance
some selfish cause,"*

*And are "counted wise and prudent, win the shallow
world's applause."*

*Who dares brave its cruel hatred, standing lonely
in the fight,*

*Loyal evermore to conscience, and to what is true
and right?*

*Oh! it seems an endless aeon that we have to hope
and wait*

*"Till the valleys are exalted, and the crooked paths
made straight."*

*Is the world's millennium nearer than it was an
age ago,*

*When so many signs and portents seem aloud to
answer "No?"*

*If this "golden age" is coming, yea is at our very
door,*

*Sudden social revolutions must be for the world in
store.*

*Great upheavals, moral earthquakes, cyclones of
resistless might,*

*That shall swallow up the evil and aloft uplift the
right.*

*Nothing short of love's enthronement in the hearts
and lives of men,
Will bring back to earth's bleak desert "Paradise
Restored" again:
And, the "golden rule" established, brotherhood
and concord find
Universal, joyous, welcome in the haunts of all
mankind.*

—Rev. Wm. F. Clarke.

1888.

ASPIRATION.

To have an aim in life,—
 'Tis surely worth one's while:
Gain must be won by strife,
 Unless 'tis tinged with guile.

Yet, striving, one must feel
 Content with his own lot:
Else, tho' the gain be real,
 It will suffice him nought!

THE MAPLE LEAF OF CANADA.

The maple leaf of Canada,—
It is renowned afar:
Where e'er her flag is free to wave,
Where e'er her peoples are.
It is the emblem we entwine
With shamrock, thistle, rose:—
'Tis famed in Flanders and in France,
But on our soil it grows.

The maple leaf of Canada,—
It springs from virgin soil;
Its wingéd seeds are swift to bear
Strong trees of leafy spoil.
The leaves wave briskly with the breeze;
Their shade to patriots dear,
Shelter affords from summer's heat
Through each succeeding year.

The maple leaf of Canada,—
In spring 'tis freshly green:
In autumn, see, 'tis crimson-gold
As sunset skies in sheen.
And soon God's Acres Over-Seas
Where rest Canadian dead,
Will be with trees of maple mark'd,
Which maple leaves will shed.

GREETINGS TO THE PRINCE OF WALES.

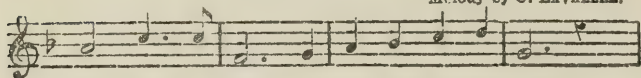
A welcome to our soldier prince
Upon Canadian soil!
Our vast Dominion greetings send,
May nought his visit spoil:
Propitious were the winds which brought
His vessels o'er the sea:
Hearty the homage waiting him,
From hearts of loyalty!

Now Peace unfolds her pinions fair
Upon the world once more;
And all our soldiers homeward speed
Back from the scenes of war.
In Canada for whom they fought
They're glad the prince to see:
A comrade-in-arms on Flanders Fields
They'd pledge him fealty!

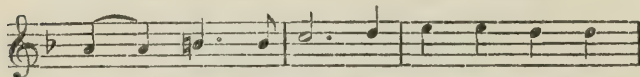
A welcome to our royal prince
For, leal in war and peace
Is our Dominion's populace:
Her might is bound to increase!
True to the throne for Freedom's sake
Democracy's their aim:
A prince who's to the people true,—
Who'd fail to laud his name?

O CANADA! BELOVED NATIVE LAND.

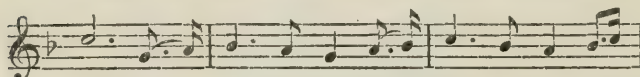
Melody by C. LAVALLEE.



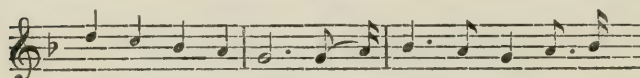
O Can - a - da! be - lov - ed na - tive land,



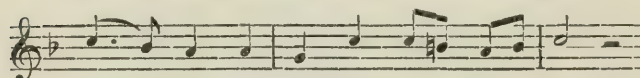
Strong 'neath thy flag Thy patri - ot chil - dren



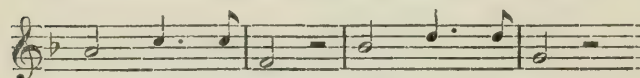
stand. Bri - tan - nia's scion whose roy - al brow With



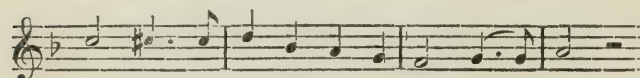
ma - ple leaf is twin'd; Be - hold, three seas her



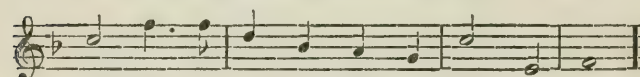
broad rich soils With a - zure wa - ters bind.



Dear Moth - er - land, loy - al to Thee,



May all thy sons and daughters ev - er be.



May all thy sons and daugh - ters ev - er be.

O Canada! Our father's land and ours,
Proud wave thy fields
With golden grain and flowers.
Thy clear blue skies the sun reflect
O'er fruitful plain and hills;
Thy clouds refresh with rains the earth
And swell thy lakes and rills.
Land of the brave! land of the free!
"Right," be thy watch word, "peace and liberty."

Lord God of Hosts, 'neath whose almighty sway
Nations rise and fall,
For Canada we pray.
Thy laws of truth her bulwark be,
Thy cross, her shield and crown;
Justice, her sword; valour, her strength;
Her nation's meed, renown.
Swell loud the shout, long let it ring,
God save our Canada, God save the King.

A MODERN LORELEI.

(Reflections of a social democrat early in 1918.)

I cannot tell what is the reason
That I am so sad to-day;
A legend of old ever haunts me,
From my mind it will not pass away.
The air is cool and it darkens,
And peacefully flows the Rhine;
The peak of the mountain is sparkling
In yon bright even-shine.

The most beautiful maid is sitting
On a radiant cliff up there;
Her golden jewels are sparkling,
She is combing her golden hair.
With a golden comb she combs it,
While she sings a wonderful song,
Which has a most wonderful melody,
And is forceful and passing strong.

It seizes with wildest longings
The sailor in his small skiff;
He sees not the o'ertowering breakers,
His gaze is alone on the cliff.
And the waves both skiff and sailor
Engulf before very long;
For the Lorelei has enticed them
To death with her sweet song.

And now while the sun is sinking
Beneath the banks of the Rhine,
And the cliffs in their crimson mantle
Are touched with a light divine,
A doubt from the present assails me,
And links with that dream of the past,
This crimson trail men are blazing,
This glory, how long will it last?

When the All-highest War Lord was sailing
One fine day adown the Rhine,
Did the Lorelei in her splendor
Sing to him a song divine?
Did she beckon beyond the mountains
To the sparkling soils of France?
Did she bid him not stop at Belgium,
But take a fighting chance?

'Twas he loosed the Prussian eagle
On the dove of peace to prey;
Will she e'er return o'er the hill-tops,
Bearing an olive spray?
Our eagle is branded a vulture
By the world we would win by might;
Our Fatherland, rich in conquests,
Is reckoned a foe to right.

The fields we have won in Flanders,
Hard-bought by our German gore;
Choice cities in France and Russia,
Can we hold them for evermore?
Will the God of the earth "strafe" England,
And let Germany unpunished be?
Alas, in our grasp for world power,
We have lost touch with world liberty!

Though we have our seats in the Reichstag,
We may speak not to criticize;
Silent our preachers and teachers
To aught that the law defies.
Those leaders who spake now languish
In base penal servitude,
For the Kaiser dictates our "Kultur"
And all other ideas are crude.

If we gain world-wide dominion,
And the mastery of the sea;
If the price of our power and conquests
Is the pure soul of Liberty;
If we win, but the cost is our manhood,
And our prestige for moral worth,
What will it profit our people
If Germany rules the earth?

Now while our banners are flying
O'er cities in Flanders and France;
Now while our war-lords are boastful
Of the way our armies advance;
I cannot tell what is the reason
That I am so sad to-day;
But this legend of old ever haunts me,
From my mind it will not pass away.

THE SILVER LINING.

The heart may be dull and cheerless,
Most heavy may gall grief's chain;
But be strong, O friend, and have patience—
Blackest clouds anon break in rain;
Before the dawn is gloom greatest—
The sun then prepares to arise;
To scatter the shades of darkness,
And gladden all watchers' eyes.

But our eyes we may seal and not see him,
We may draw our blinds and be dull;
We may pluck only thorns for our garlands,
While our neighbors blossoms cull.
We may rob ourselves of all verdure,
We may shut out God's light from our soul,
While others less worthy enjoy them,
And attain our ambition's goal.

For life may be full of error,
And life may be full of grief;
But of truth there is also good measure,
And "God o'er rules" is a wholesome belief.
So in days of gloom be of good courage,
And wait for the sun to arise:
'Neath the clouds there's a silver lining
That will gladden all grief-laden eyes.

THE RED LETTER ELEVENTH.

At the eleventh hour of the eleventh day
Of the eleventh month this year; the world fray
Which for over four years its course had run,
Ceased; for the Allies have beaten the Hun.
O day of thanksgiving, O day of mirth,
Blest above days to the peoples of earth!

At the eleventh hour of the eleventh day,
The smoke of the battle-fields died away.
The troops of the Allies and vanquished Hun
Shout, when they hear that the warfare's done.
O day of thanksgiving, O day of mirth,
Blest above days to the peoples of earth!

At the eleventh hour of the eleventh day,
The streets of our cities with flags were gay:
The people abandoned their work for fun
To celebrate the victory won.
O day of thanksgiving, O day of mirth,
Blest above days to the peoples of earth!

In the eleventh month the eleventh day
A Red Letter day should be marked for aye.

This day of victory over the Hun

Means Tyranny's course on earth is run,
O day of thanksgiving, O day of mirth,
Blest above days to the peoples of earth!

November, 1918.

A SONG OF PEACE.

Blow, whistles o' the world: ring, church bells,
 loudly ring,
 For Peace, on joyful wing,
At blush of dawn her prizèd doves set free,
 Heralds of Liberty,
Above this war-worn, weary world to brood.
 The universal deluge rude,
That flooded mother earth with grief and pain
Subsides: and on the mount of Promise, see,
 Divinest Liberty!
Blow, whistles o' the world: ring, church bells,
 loudly ring.

A golden day is dawning: quelled is Might
That at Mars' bidding, stalked a giant of iron
A dread Goliath, 'gainst the arms of Right.

Our David o' the sea, our brave commanders,
Foch, Haig and Pershing, have o'ercome the foe;
Our allied soldiers proudly laid him low

Who threatened to fast bind a tortured world.
O God of Battles, blessings from above
Thou hast down poured upon our arms of love!

A creed of hatred not to us, O Lord,
Impart: not Hate unbared our bleeding sword.
The brotherhood of man, our allies' aim;
'Twas this to battle's brunt their flags unfurl'd.
O make them strong, victorious, to pray
For foes who sought their shame,
Who hated and blasphemed,
"Lord, from their hearts remove the taint of iron
Give to them hearts of clay."
Now in this hour of triumph and proud fame,
Of which, for years, our anxious peoples dreamed.

Good news is sped: the Kaiser abdicates!
His boastful, hated heir foregoes the crown,
With others of his dynasty. 'Down, down
With monarchy," they cry, "which trouble makes!"
And we, afar, rejoice
Democracy's their choice,
Even tho' a monarch is our crownèd head!
But not a tyrant he,
A foe to Liberty,
He's Freedom's friend, and free from despot stain!
King George of England, and King Albert reign,
And will reign, when the dastard Kaiser's dead!
The Royal War Maker gives up his throne
Upon the birthday of our late good king
Edward the Peacemaker. We're proud to own
Our king of peaceful aims. Posterity will sing

His well-earned fame: but William's hated name
Even in Mars' books, shall be one of shame!

The din of battle on this gladsome morn

Hath ceased to rack th' European sky:

The burst of deadly bombs, the cannonade.

The smoke, the stench of the frenzied fray,

Are ceasing: and we know that Peace is nigh!

The German armies to the Rhine, afraid

Yet hopeful, wend their wearied slow retreat,

Even to the beaten, life, perchance, is sweet!

Our allied armies, freed from War's demands,

Joyous, light-hearted, congregate in bands

To celebrate, we know, this glorious day!

From Flanders' Fields they'll soon away

To seek their homes again:

But leave them blood-redeemed to Belgian men,

Who will not soon forget

Those cross-mark'd graves, where, 'neath the popped
sod

Our valiant Fallen lie—the sacred spoil

Of war-rack'd days when Might with Valor met,

Those graves they'll leave to Belgium and to God!

The armistice is signed, and Peace is nigh;

The Kaiser and his staff to Holland fly!

Poor Holland, must you shield his royal head?

Would you deliver him dead

Who hath slain many, if the Powers that be
Who have been plundered, robbed of men and gold
To please his war whim, should not wish him free
From retribution? In war schemes grown old,
Hated, despised, bereft of hope and throne,
Ambition foiled, an exile and a curse
Unto his country: what fate could be worse?

If not Death sure Remorse his heart must own
And haste him to the grave he strives to shun!
No longer the "All Highest" 'neath the sun,
Not even in Germany room to lay his head.
Surely his fate more enviable if dead!

But Germany shall, Phoenix-like, arise
(From the dead ashes of this dastard Past,
Strong in democracy—if shorn of lies—
Unto a future glory that will last!

Blow, whistles o' the world: ring, church bells.
loudly ring,
This is a day of joy and merry mirth,
For Peace descends to earth,
And hopes, anew, in troubled hearts up spring!
The streets with flags are gay,
The people shout and pray,
For felled to earth is Hunnish tyranny,
And ours the Victory!
Blow, whistles o' the world: ring, church bells.
loudly ring.

Toronto, November 11th, 1918.

THE TRIUMPH OF THE FLEET.

Out from the Kiel Canal it comes, the fleet of
Germany,

To meet th' Allied Armada upon the North Sea.

This is the day, this is the hour,

When rival navies meet;

Alas for German brag and boast,

It claims their High Seas fleet!

O mother isle of Albion, your coasts were guarded
sure:

The Mistress of the Seas you shall from age to age
endure!

Out from the sunny mists of dawn the beaten war-
ships steam,

Ship after ship strung out in line—a twenty-mile-
long stream,

Led by the British Cardiff; look,

Over the choppy sea,

Unto the chosen rendezvous

Come the spoils of Victory!

And Sir David Beatty said: "I knew they must
come out some day,
But I dreamed not thus on a piece of string they'd
come across our way."

Silently, carefully, nearly one hundred came,
Battleships, cruisers, destroyers in deed and name.
"Heed to the wireless, men,
Where there are mines, beware!"
Thus spake Hun officers,
Guiding their "string" with care.
Out of the mists at nine-twenty the ships appear,
Ten knots an hour their speed—soon they are near.

When the sailors on th' horizon see the German fleet
appear,
Astounded at the mighty spoil, they did not raise a
cheer,
But when Sir David Beatty
Upon his flagship passed,
Adown the miles of warships
The cheering long did last!
A tribute to their admiral and to their fleet they
paid,
Who would have conquered, fighting, if the foe were
not afraid!

A bloodless Trafalgar the British to-day can boast,
For their ships, without battle, have beaten the
Hunnish host.

Unto the Firth of Forth

The quarry they proudly bring :

Two columns of Allied ships

The prize encompassing.

The greatest naval victory is won without a blow ;
The second greatest fleet as spoil is brought in
captive tow !

An American squadron steams in upon the right,
French ships and British squadrons, all eager for a
fight,

A strength at sea too mighty,

For German "force" to face ;

The foe defaults the battle,

Too "hopeless" is the case !

They'll lie at anchor safe to-night within the Firth
of Forth,

Those Hun warships that captive are to the Mistress
of the North !

And while they wait the terms of peace on the
waves of Scapa Flow,

With the flag of England flying free above each
captive bow,

Each vanquished crew will know 'tis true
 Britannia rules the waves;
And Germany can never make
 Of British freemen slaves!
For, mother isle of Albion, your coasts are guarded
 sure,
The Mistress of the Seas you shall from age to age
 endure!

November 21, 1918.

A TOAST TO THE PRESS.

A NEW YEAR'S toast to the Press o' the world,
Strongly potent for truth and right!
For the eyes o' the Press see over the world
Like the myriad stars of night:
Or the constant stare of the sun-god's glare
As he sheds o'er humanity light!

O the Press is a superman all revere,
Be they socialists, priests, or kings.
In spite of his faults we esteem him dear,
For he's wise in common things;
His heart is the beat of humanity's feet,
And his voice with their interests rings.

He has power for good and power for ill—
His the key of world liberty;
His words are strong to heal or kill,
To bind or make men free;
A king whose throne all nations own,
Who has world-wide fealty!

Alas, that his eyes are oft bedimmed
By the common sights he views;
That his judgment, by worldly matters dimmed,
Blots out from his columns of news,
The visions bright of the poet's sight,
As thick clouds the rainbow's hues!

From the crowded columns of fact we miss
The touch of the light divine;
The hasty pennings of strife or bliss
That we read in the daily line,
Strangle the scope of poetic hope,
Or prose that is forceful and fine.

In a country as young and vast as ours
The people are thrall to the Press;
Its columns consume our reading hours—
'Tis strong to curse or bless!
The bookish lore of wise men of yore
Men o'erlook in life's moneyed stress.

O the Press was a prop in the days of war
That upheld our nation's arms!
It freely gave of its garnered store
To protect our hearths from harms;
Its patriot tone, all citizens own,
Rang true above War's alarms.

In the days of Peace that before us lie
The work of the Press will be
To bind up and build men afar and nigh
In the bonds of democracy.
If true to the trust upon it thrust
It will bless all with liberty!

So here's a toast to the Press o' the world,
Strongly potent for truth and right!
May its banners for progress be wide unfurled
And its visions of strength be bright,
And its columns of fact and recorded act
Eclipse not all literary light!

Toronto, January 1, 1919.

THE BIRD-MAN.

A Ballad of the Future.

O HAVE ye seen my goodman dear,
My bonny sailor boy?
He's left me for the boundless blue—
He who's my spirit's joy!

We'd scarce been wed some seven days—
And short they seemed for seven—
Short and elusive as those dreams
Youth have of bliss in heaven:

We'd scarce been wed some seven days
(O why did he thus fright me)—
When he, bad fellow, bought a "bird"
(Why did he wish to spite me?)

You see it happened thus: one night,
One radiant night in June,
We, arm in arm, lovers new wed,
Strolled 'neath the light o' the moon.

He spake in tender tones, of love,
And homes where joy's no fable;
I asked for carpets for my floors,
For silver for my table.

His eyes, his mild blue eyes, flashed fire,
"Thou, wife," quoth he, "art vain,
The scriptures bid us covet not—
Speak not of this again."

"But I will speak," I boldly said,
(A suffragette was I),
"When thou hast money for my needs,
Why should I fruitless sigh?"

"Thy home I'd furnish to my taste—
I trust 'twill be to thine,
Give me, my husband dear, a cheque,
Why should I needless pine?"

"I've given you all you need," quoth he,
"All I can now afford;
To-day I bought an aeroplane,
A bird, fit for a lord!"

"A bargain great it was, a chance
'Twould be a sin to miss!
To-morrow morn you'll see me fly,
O wife, dear, what bliss!"

Upon the morn, a radiant morn,
 (The birds—they sang so sweetly!)
We breakfasted early—my lord smoked,
 My floors—I scoured them neatly.

When on a sudden, 'fore my sight,
 Blotting the sun from view,
A monstrous aeroplane swooped down,—
 I knew not what to do!

I could not think, I could not move,
 I scarce knew what to say,
My husband acted, one quick kiss,
 One leap, he was away!

I watched the aeroplane swift rise,
 “Good-bye, sweet wife, good-bye.
The thing's successful, aren't you proud
 To see your husband fly?”

Since then seven days, seven long, sad days,
 Have passed—I'm still alone,
I've heard no word, I've seen no sign,
 Know only, my bird's flown!

O have ye seen my goodman true,
 My bonny sailor fly?
He's left me for the boundless blue,
 A widow-bride am I!

IN MEMORIAM.

Lt.-Col. John McCrae, M.D.

Obiit Jan. 28th, 1918.

SLEEP, friend, in peace in Flanders' Fields:
Thine honored clay thy country yields
To rest afar, where, row on row,
Are cross-marked graves where poppies blow.
I call thee "friend," yet, till thy fame
Of Flanders' Fields revealed thy name,
I knew thee not, tho' born at Guelph,
But not a soldier like thyself
On Flanders' Fields.

Since thou hast fallen on Flanders' Fields,
The foe to us the quarrel yields,
The torch thy fellow soldiers caught,
Has, for our arms, great victory wrought.
Thy death, thy songs, were not for naught
On Flanders' Fields.

OUR FALLEN HEROES.

For lads we know who faced the foe,
Who faced the foe and fell;
Who lost their lives on foreign soil,
The great Hun Reaper's sacred spoil,
Sound we the solemn knell.

The race is run, the labor's done
Of these, our warriors brave:
They did not stop to count the cost,
They could not see the world cause lost
E'en though their goal, the grave!

They ceased from toil on Flanders soil
Where blood-red poppies blow,
Or 'neath the sunny skies of France
In liliated beds they rest, perchance,
Our men who faced the foe!

Their burial ground with maples bound
Anon the world will see:
Those simple crosses, row on row,
That mark Canadian dead, they'll show
To men from war-pangs free.

'Neath maple shade, all unafraid
Of foreign foeman's shell,
Will rest world pilgrims, reverent, kind,
United by those ties that bind
All men, when "all is well."

The bounded grave our patriots brave
Binds not to foreign soil;
Their mighty spirits, homing wend
O'er land and sea, and us defend
From future threatening broil.

And if afar their Mansions are
We know, from flesh-bonds free,
They can progress, they can perform
As may not those in mortal form
Who in this world still be.

Of lads we know who faced the foe,
Who faced the foe and fell,
Who gave their lives on foreign soil,
The great Hun reaper's sacred spoil
Shall future freeman tell.

SIR WILFRID LAURIER: IN MEMORIAM.

LOVED leader of a scattered host,
Strong statesman in a country young:
Silent is now that eloquent tongue
Which swayed mankind from Coast to Coast.

His kindly word, his genial smile,
His gallant air, his tactful ways,
Will be much missed in future days,—
He was to all a man “worth while.”

A Chieftain, powerful to unite
In peaceful bonds two diverse creeds,
Two nations, to his country's needs:
They both were proud to own his might.

For fifteen years he held the rein
Of Liberal, governmental sway:
He hoped he'd live to see the day
When he would hold it once again.

He hoped, yet feared; for mortal he,
And over three-score years and ten:
Though not returned to power again,
He lived world peace again to see!

More dear to him than power or fame
His country's progress and her peace:
All patriots mourn his sad decease,
And laud and magnify his name.

The name of "Laurier," blameless, free,
To future ages will remain:
Though powerless his French to gain
To fight, unforced, for Liberty!

And forceful measures strife would breed
(Or so he feared) 'twixt East and West.
To lose his power,—this deemed he best,
To lose support, for national need!

Yet, tho' divided, Liberals all,
In death, as life, yield him esteem:
And strive to catch the "golden gleam"
From out the shadows of his pall.

February 19th, 1919.

LLOYD GEORGE: PREMIER IN WAR AND PEACE.

LLOYD GEORGE, thy nation loves and honors thee,
Leader of statesmen, in those stressful days
Of war and fear, when we, with grief, did see
Young men, our country's pride, fell'd in War's ways,
Devoted to world honor, even as thee!

Guardian and guide of councillors who sate
Engrossed in problems vast, long, weary hours;
On thee and thine allied compeers we wait
Regarding pacts for peace among world powers.
God give ye wisdom to decide aright,
Ending for future ages, grounds for fight!

WOODROW WILSON: DIPLOMAT.

Who was it had a vision of a world-abiding peace,
And a parliament of nations that world-grievance
would appease?

Who was foremost to agitate in this way wars
should cease?

Why, Wilson!

Who was it, of his nation head, sought to enlarge
her bound,
Not in lands tributary, nor in conquered, foreign
ground;

But in forcing her to prominence, and making her
renown'd?

Why, Wilson!

Who held that not by selfishness she should increase
her might,

But, when the world cause needed her, she should
with nations fight?

And, now the war is won, who, in her name seeks
peace terms right?

Why, Wilson!

PHILIP GIBBS: JOURNALIST.

PORTRAYER of war scenes with vivid pen,
How vast an audience have thy writings stirred
In troubled times, among war-wearied men!
Leaders of journalists, thy written word,
If prose, as themes historic best befits,
Pleases the more that thro' thy narrative flits,

Gleams, such as poets choose, of nature mood
In scenes depicted, on the scrolls of war!
Bright be thy fame, O Gibbs, as Green's of yore,
Brilliant in words historic: like him endued
Strong in world vision. Pleased, we ask for more.

WILSON MACDONALD: POET.

WILSON, how famous is thy Christian name,
In courts of Europe at the present day!
Let go poetic strivings after fame,
Surely thy stars point thee the statesman's way!
On Woodrow's surname plus that of "John A,"
No fates would, surely, frown if this thine aim!

Magic to me who have not seen the West
Are thy bold words of beauty spots unknown.
Critics may claim thy rhymes are over-drest,
Deserving to my mind their forceful tone.
On style and strength depend poetic art:
Not all the critics in their columns praised
Among th' immortals shall, with thee, find part!
Let those whose verses perfect are appraised
Deign, even as thee, to sound the human heart!

HON. WILLIAM JOHN HANNA.

Born Oct. 13th, 1862: Obiit March 20th, 1919.

OUR nation mourns a son of state,
Pluck'd off in manhood's prime:
Akin to mighty Roosevelt,
Who, also, ere his time
(Or so it seemed to us) was fell'd
By Death, who spareth none:
Hanna and Roosevelt, both he claim'd,
And of them each, a son!

O once it seemed more sad to see
A stalwart son laid low
Than parent, ripe with garner'd years,
But that was long ago!
Of late years Death, in war-garb clad,
Our youth so free hath claim'd.
It seems more sad to lose the sires,
Who for good deeds are fam'd!

'Mong local statesmen, none more dear
Unto the toiling masses,
Whate'er their party politics,
Than Hanna: for all classes,
All sects, he strove to weld as one
On social, up-lift measures;
A "party" man, yet "people's" man,
Zealous for public pleasures!

A toiler from his youth, he sought
To lessen others' toil:
A democrat in soul: "Let men
Who work," said he, "Share spoil."
For higher pay, for happier bond
'Twixt labor and their chiefs,
For this he strove; and others led
To share his social beliefs.

His aims humanitarian
Brought more than local fame.
His schemes to help the fallen,
And the criminal reclaim,
Have won world-wide attention: men
From prison chains set free,
Have labor'd to redeem their past,
And done so, marvellously!

For years a secretary of state
By party choice appointed:
By weight of brains, and worth of heart,
To public trust anointed;
His death in manhood's prime is mourn'd
By men both far and near,
Who, for his kindly, human heart,
Esteem'd "Bill Hanna" dear!

ON THE MARRIAGE OF PRINCESS PATRICIA.

THE sound of wedding bells over the sea,—
And ring they ever so merrily,
“The Princess Patricia to-day will be wed,
Her solemn nuptial vows be said,
She will yield her rank and her royal name,
But her nation will honor her just the same!”

O she might have married some royal scion,
Perchance a prince of the German line!
She might have graced an European throne,
And to Canada been quite unknown!
I am sure in the Past, if 'twere her sweet will,
She might have been honored by Kaiser Bill!

But Love, not Ambition, has governed her life,
And at last her reward—she's her Commander's wife!
And Canadians are pleased for now, since the war,
An active commander they esteem more
Than a figure-head princeling with tottering throne
Minus a mind he can call his own!

The sound of wedding bells over the sea.
In Canadian ears they ring cheerily.
And in future years if we had our way
We would gladly welcome a Commander's sway!
If a Governor-General might Commoner be
Allied to a Princess of Royalty!

February 27th, 1919.

HOMELESS WAR BABIES.

I MET a lady upon the street,
A seven-year bride was she:
A perambulator, proud, she pushed
In which was a mannikin wee.
Mine eyes with surprise oped wide: I stopped,
"Is this your child?" said I,
(Our club she had entertained not long ago
And I thought then, she had no tie).
"Yes, this is my son, is he not a fine child?"
She asked, with maternal pride.
"Your adopted child, is he not?" said I,
"Yes, that is the truth," she replied:
"His soldier daddy was killed in the war,
To the Children's Aid went he:
He wanted a home and I wanted a child,
So now he is mine," said she.
"You did quite right, he's a lovely boy,
'Tis surely a crying shame,
For such children to homeless be," I said
"I wish others would do the same!"

I met a lady not long ago,—
Children together were we,
Her husband is mayor of the town where they live,
And she has a small daughter aged three.
A little fairy, the joy of her home,
Yet a childless matron she;
Who three years ago legalized as her own
A motherless babe, aged “months three.”
And I’m of the opinion that matrons, like these,
Lacking children of their own,
Should open their hearts and homes to babes
Thrust out in the world alone.
Let them leave to spinsters the dogs and the cats,
And train for the nation to be
The war-babes of natural parents bereft,
For the sake of humanity!

WHY NOT IRELAND?

O WHY should Ireland languish
For rights that are her due?
Why, in the courts of Justice
Should she, unheeded, sue?
Her men are British free-men,
By right of birth and name;
Why are they bound in shackles,
Which are Britannia's shame?

Why should the Irish nation
The pride of England's crown,
Still fret 'neath servile fetters,
Why is she still kept down?
Why do the men of Britain
The Ulster faction fear?
When they gave heed to Belgium
Why don't they Ireland hear?

Why, as in our Dominion,
Do not the sects agree
To dwell in tolerant concord,
And Christian unity?
Why, if Home Rule swayed Ireland,
Would not its strife abate?
It would if Irish patriots
In Christ's name served the State!

LINES ON THE "FARMERS' PLATFORM."*

I LIKE the Farmers' Platform,
And yet no farmer I:
If I "aspired" in politics,
For a farmer's seat I'd try!
And yet I'm city born and bred,
And cannot milk a cow!
But I have helped, as a farmerette,
The farmer build his hay mow!
He told me (which I deemed high praise)
That I'd make a good farmer's wife;
But the toils I enjoyed for a very short while,
I could not endure for life!
The most I earned, by the sweat of my brow,
In one day, was two pounds of butter:
But the Farmers' Platform, I like it well,
And my praise of its points would utter!

If I, like my grandsire, were wise to write
Upon products of the soil,
I'd espouse the cause of the farmer men,
For I'd understand their toil!

* The writer intended to omit these "Lines" from the collection, but a friend favored them, so they are included.

He founded their college in Guelph in his day,
He was "Rhubarb Clarke"† by name,
The plant he grew to perfection, too,
And 'mong farmers attained some fame!

I like the Farmers' Platform,
It is non-partisan;
Its points ring true, if they are not new,
To the needs of the farmer man!
In verse I will not name them,
The Press has named them all:
Here's good luck to the farmers' members,
And seats in Parliament's hall!
For Canada's grains are famed world-wide,
Her boast is her fruitful soil:
She must shield her farms from all threat'ning
harms,
Yet lessen her farmers' toil!
So here's to the Farmers' Platform,
And here's to the farmer men!
The farmers' wives, and their children's lives,
From a city bumpkin's pen!

† A nickname of the late Rev. Wm. Fletcher Clarke, of Guelph, a well-known journalist, and founder of O.A.C., Guelph. His scheme for an Agricultural College in Canada was taken up by the Conservative Government and he was commissioned by them to investigate and report upon such institutions in the U.S.A. The Liberal Government coming into power promised to further the founding of a college of agriculture, which they did.

THE "STRIKING" PAINTER.

HE is a Union worker,—
At least he used to be:
He's now a Union striker,
From labor-shackles free.

He's placed his brush and paint-pot
Upon a shelf away:
They're worth to him but silver,
As wages go to-day.

He knows (or he's no prophet)
When labor storms blow o'er:
When peace is fix'd (and war debts)
He'll go to work once more!

His rain-bow hunting ended
He'll seek his tools of trade:
His "pot of gold," his paint-pot
He'll find—his fortune's made!

He'll have, then, coin for surplus,
If not for "bottled" ware?
For autos and victrolas,—
He'll lord it everywhere!

And meantime dreams are pleasant,
If clothes and food are dear,
But those whose strength is "Union,"
What have they got to fear?

THE BLUE GENTIAN.

Blue, down-lipp'd gentian, we behold
With joy among the rocks
Upon Utopia's lake-lapp'd isle,
Thy dome-crowned flower stalks.
Like to the waves thy petals blue,
Like to the sky above:
Most beauteous buds that grace these parts,
Your blooms we dearly love!

Proud trophy, gentian flowers, are ye,
Of pleasure expeditions:
These rocks ye bloom amongst, they say,
Are subjects of traditions.
A giant council-hold they form,
Where, in the storied past,
Fleet-footed Indians bivouac held,
To ponder war themes vast.

Now warrior foot no more disturbs
Utopia's silent shore;
Thou, gentian, from her rocks, behold'st
Their warrior-crests no more.
We beauty-lovers cull thy blooms,
Blue like the sky above;
For, blossoms fair, we worthy deem
Ye of our praise and love!

—"Utopia," *Lake Huron*.

THE LURE OF WHITEFISH.

OVER the blue lake waters,
Over the shallow bay;
Out thro' Smokehouse Channel,
We're picnic-bound away!
Over the waves to Whitefish,*
Past Whiskey and Cigar:
Past Montrose and Eureka,
Where other campers are.

The rocky isle of Whitefish
Inset in Huron's lake:
Upon its far reef border
The great white billows break.
The woody isle of Whitefish
Which guards the great lake-way;
I love this run unto her shores
Upon a summer day!

* Islands of the Gheghetto Chain.

Come join our picnic party,
The campers are away;
Put out in skiff and sail-boat,
The isle is ours to-day!
We'll banquet on the bed-rock
Beneath the crimson sun,
And leave for gulls the remnants,
When once our feast is done!

And if we cannot tempt you
With tasty picnic fare,
Cast ere you land, your fish-lines,
The bass and perch to ensnare.
We'll give you leave to cook them
Upon our bonfire's flame:
We'll pick you ripe sand cherries,
Currants and raspberries tame.

Over the waves from Whitefish,
Home 'neath the harvest moon:
Our launch steams thro' the waters,
We're back: but all too soon!
Our eyes look out with longing
Beyond our quiet bay;
To where, on the far horizon,
Whitefish fades away!

Oliphant, Lake Huron.

ON LUSITANIA DAY, 1919.

FOUR years ago a submarine
 Upon the seventh of May,
The Lusitania pierc'd and sunk,
 Filling with dread dismay,
The hearts of neutral citizens
 Within the U.S.A.,
Whose kin, unwarn'd, were hurl'd to death
 On Lusitania Day.

Why did the Germans then applaud
 The men who wrought this shame?
Why to the commanding officer
 Gave they not "blame" but "fame?"
It was this dastard deed which changed
 A "neutral" to a foe:
It with the Allies, linked the States
 Hun "might" to overthrow.

Four years ago this ship was sunk
And now, this seventh of May,
The vanquish'd Huns at Paris meet
To learn what price to pay.
Now, beaten, they lament this crime
With other deeds of shame:
Since "right" not "might" has won the Day
Such "fame" is branded "blame."

The victims not the victor live
On the final scrolls of Fame:
On Freedom's soil, this seventh of May,
They commemorate their name.
Martyrs not "victims" they record
In the church where they give praise due;
And a captive submarine leaves the shore,
The waters with flowers to strew.

THE WINGS OF A DOVE.

HAD I thy wings, O dove,
Whither away would I fly?
Up to the heavens above,
Or down to the earth to die?
Thou, bird, the free air dost love,
But, had I wings, would I?

Were I, O dove, like thee,
Potent to ride the air,
Would I light-hearted be,
Free from all mortal care?
Would I leave earth joyously,
And fly with thee everywhere?

Away from the city's roar,
To God's fields where the wild-flowers blow;
Over the lakes we'd soar
To the banks where the lilies grow,
Where flowers of all hues form the floor
Of our audience-hall—there we would go.

We'd sing to the flowers and the streams,
And perchance they would understand.
We'd unfold to them heaven-born dreams
That to mortal minds are banned;
For man sheerest folly deems
What is hidden from eye and hand.

And the fairies who guard the dells,
They would laugh and dance with glee:
And ring myriad flower bells,
To accompany you and me:
While Echo afar loud tells
What rare, wondrous songsters are we.

Where thou dost rest, O dove,
In still nooks, thou pour'st forth song;
Of goodness, truth, and love,
Overcoming trouble and wrong.
For thou hast power from above
To sing what to Heaven doth belong.

But our ears are too dull to hear,
And our eyes are too heavy to see
Those transports to spirits dear,
Nor can I on wings fly with thee.
But descend, Holy Dove, to us here,
And attune us for Heaven's minstrelsy!

THE ROSE.

O FAIREST flower that blows,
Radiant sweet-perfumed rose,
I'd weave a garland, poet-wise, to-day.
Ere thy loved petals fall,
I'd save them, one and all:
I'd wave my wand and bid them bloom for aye!

The blush of dawn thy brow
Hath kissed: a gem art thou,
A ruby, sparkling to the sun's bright ray.
Thy blooms brush lovers' feet:
Thy perfumes, passing sweet,
Entice light breezes round thy haunts to play.

Thy buds unfold their bloom,
And light gives place to gloom:
The lover culls, for his fair bride, thy flowers.
Thy roots perennial spring:
Around thee song-birds sing—
With bees and butterflies, make gay thy bowers.

Thou art, O wondrous rose,
The emblem England chose:
Emblem of truth, of strength, and courage tried.
At least it seems to me
These attributes would ye,
Fair buds, teach in men's bosoms should abide.

Symbol art thou, of Life:
Of Love o'ercoming strife,
Of youth vivacious; yet in virtue wise.
Thy petals tightly curled,
About thy heart are furled:
Enticing, yet evading, curious eyes.

Thy flower, beauteous rose,
On stalk of thorn it grows:
The thorns, they prick us when we pluck the flower.
Yet well 'tis worth our pains,
Our suff'rings make our gains,
E'en as in life pain is the price of power.

For everything worth while
Must be hard-bought by trial,—
'Tis only trivial blessings cost us nought.
Thus rose, thou teachest me:
I would not be trial free,
To pluck Heaven's matchless blooms I'd suffer aught!

THE BLEEDING HEART.

WHEREFORE, O bleeding heart, thy name?

Frail flower of modest grace;

Thou seemst to shrink from me in shame

When I behold thy face.

Yet, tho' impertinent I be,

I only question that I see!

Thou art one flower of quite a few,

All pendant from one stalk:

Each flower a heart of rosy hue,

Decreed to grace our walk:

Until I pluck'd thy slender stem

To probe thy beauty, blossom-gem!

'Twas Cupid link'd thy flowery chain

The hearts of men to cheer.

In Love's sweet bowers thou art, methinks,

Of blooms the one most dear!

For shape and hue are outward sign

Of love which springs from the divine!

If Bachelor's Buttons are for men,
Single, with hearts of steel;
Methinks the bleeding heart is flower
For maids who love-pangs feel;
For simple maids of tender age
Who have not yet with years grown sage!

Maidens, who in the flush of youth
Waste golden hours away
In rainbow-castles of romance,
Which all too soon decay!
And yet this gold o' dreams yields more,
Than coin, perchance, much finger'd o'er!

If Cupid forg'd the fateful darts
Which smote their hearts in twain;
He, sorrowing, link'd these flowery hearts
To cheer their souls again.
For shape and hue are outward sign
Of love which springs from the divine!

A little bird unto mine ears
The age-old secret told
Of how the bleeding heart first grew
In Cupid's bowers of old.
The tale (of course I know 'tis true)
I straightway now relate to you.

When Psyche left her lord's embrace,
 Banish'd at his displeasure,
He found in spite of all her faults,
 Her love he still did treasure.
And, tho' his heart for her was cold,
He, constant, yearn'd her face to behold!

His daily toil had lost its zest
 (Love-making, his vocation)
His fires he fann'd spasmodically,
 He lost sense of location.
His darts, mis-aim'd, caused much alarm,
'Mong mortals and gods they wrought much harm!

His mother Venus who at first
 Decried fair Psyche's charms,
Began to plan to heal his hurt,
 To stem the tide of harms!
'Mongst fairest maids she used his art,
Bidding them captivate his heart.

But all in vain: the maidens smiled,
 The maidens sighed: they charm'd him not!
Venus was grieved, the darts she used
 Helped not her son, but sorrow wrought!
Too late she sought to heal those hearts
She immolated with Love's darts!

She gathered up the life-drops shed
Upon a plant, heavy with dew;
Which had not yet put forth a flower,
Yet, yearly, did its growth renew.
Behold some blossoms forth did start
Which, then, she called the bleeding heart!

When Cupid saw the new-form'd flowers
Which pictur'd forth the human heart;
His countenance suffused with smiles,
And straight he formed a double dart;
Which, sharpening on his own cold breast,
Infused for Psyche strange unrest!

The arrow, aim'd at her afar,
Lonely and weary, laid her low:
Venus, relenting, sent her swans
To bear her back: joy displac'd woe.
Psyche was given immortal life,
And honor as Cupid's much-lov'd wife.

But since he married mortal maid,
And sends broadcast 'mongst men his dart,
He from the heavens transplanted down
A beauteous shoot of bleeding heart.
It springs perennial on our earth,
And will, so long as Love hath birth!

POND-LILIES.

WHERE Pan doth blow his reedy pipes
In sweet, sequestered nooks;
In shady dales, and sun-kiss'd vales
Near running, babbling brooks;
On stilly ponds where lovers stop
To while an idle hour;
There, wood lilies, on beds of green,
Bloom in their leafy bower.

Pure, white-robed, summer darlings ye,
With hearts of golden treasure;
Man's money'd marts ye proudly shun,
Man's gold ye cannot measure.
Like simple, country maids, your hearts
Know not of greeded guile:
In radiant, sweet simplicity
Ye seek not to beguile.

Save lovers :—to your leafy bowers
Secluded from man's sight,
They are enticed : there to behold
Your star-like blossoms white.
There they may dream to heart's content
And pluck the buds at pleasure :
May their loves prosper, and be filled
With pure joy beyond measure!

OPTIMISM.

WHAT though life hath brought me woe?
Many joys I also know.
Others suffer, why not I?
Why should sorrow pass me by?
I'll forget the thorn still grows,
If I gaze but on the rose!

THE PHILOSOPHER ON A PLUM-TREE.

ONE only plum upon a barren tree!

Yet wherefore barren, O thou prized green gage?
Myriads of leaves upon thy boughs I see,

Thy branches are not bare and bleak with age.
Within thy verdant veins life's vital sap

Still flows as nature and thy God decreed;
Spring cast her choice, sweet blossoms in thy lap,
God's sun and showers gave thee gladsome heed:
Yet in the golden harvest-time no store

Of ripe, rich fruit, men gather, wish'd-for spoil!
The worm and blight upon thy vital core

Gnaw'd unrestrained: men reap not, sparing toil!
And thou, lone plum, thou like th' heroic soul,
Surviv'st neglect gigantic, and art whole!

ON SHAKESPEARE.

WHEN I devour with rav'nous eyes some page
Penn'd by great Shakespeare to delight men's minds,
Nor merely to delight, for counsels sage
Inmingled with the sweets the reader finds;
Then, then, it is I seem to live and breathe,
Then, for the time, from bounds of self releas'd,
Within my soul I feel strange visions seethe,
Of mortals dead, yet living; griev'd or pleas'd,
Most human-wise or foolish; men, yet sprites,
Called into being by th' enchanter's art!
Shakespeare, beneath thy magic wand, what sights
Sprang into being to entrance man's heart!
What treasure-troves, what valorous men of worth
Hast thou bequeath'd, rich legacies, to earth!

WITH WORDSWORTH.

'MONGST clumps of yellow daffodils,
My footsteps love to stray;
In company with the grey-hair'd bard
I've roamed there many a day.
I've dreamed and list to dreams he told
Of childhood's transient hour;
Wise views on life he gave me whilst
We plucked the daisy flower.
We've wandered through the leafy groves
Upon the banks of Yarrow,
We've heard the lark and cuckoo sing,
We've seen the fount's brink narrow.
How sweet all nature seemed to me,
When he revealed her beauties!
How oft his words have steeled my heart,
When shrinking life's stern duties!

MY LOT.

I MAY not bask in princes' smiles,
I may not in high places dwell:
But on Life's stage I play a part,
And Heaven demands I play it well.
My work in God's great plan hath place:
Though seeming small, it is not base!

I may not shirk, nor turn aside,
For pastures green I may not whine:
I may not covet others' toils,
Nor, 'neath mine own may I repine.
My joy, my aim, in life my will
My destiny to well fulfil!

I may not live, like Christ, on earth:
No calling high like His, my lot!
But I may know the higher birth,
Be good and kind, live as I ought!
To God, to self, I may be true,
Love all men well, evil eschew.

ON THE MOVIES.

I AM weary of hearing good ministers rail
Against Moving Picture Shows:
For the "Movies" have come to earth to stay,
And they're right in their place—God knows!
Like printed books, some are "good," some are "bad,"
Some beholders will bless: some, will curse.
The thing is to learn where to draw the line,
Choose the better, and "cut out" the worse.
The game and the dance and the acted play,
Have a lawful place in life:
Men need recreation, and maidens, too,
To divert them from daily strife.
Some moderate pleasure will brighten men's wits,
Wholesome humor—it tends to refine!
But these vaudeville shows with vile humor, God
knows,
They o'erstep the decent line!
They may give us good Movies, good acrobat stunts,
Fair singing—this bill us attracts,
But to cater to "all tastes" (but such taste is bad)
They will throw in a few vulgar acts!

And you sit and you wonder what manner of men,
What manner of maids these can be;
Who are shaking with laughter at such common
jests,
Such fool-play your startled eyes see!
O I'd gladly sit and hear ministers rail
Against such exhibitions in shows!
But good Movies instruct, and they entertain,
So they're right in their place, God knows!

THE BALLOT FOR WOMEN.*

My views on Woman Suffrage?

Well, if you them would note,
I hold that woman even as man
Should have the right to vote;
That is, if she's intelligent,
And come to proper age,
And in the world she, even as man,
Can earn a living wage.
But universal suffrage? Well,
I frankly don't commend
For women; yet in Canada
Methinks this way 'twill end.
In England, now, "our sex have won,"
So all the papers say,
And they, as men, in politics
Possess the "right of way."
Sir Robert Borden promised soon
He'd pass a suffrage measure;
To many a woman's heart, methinks,
This news has given great pleasure.

* The writer is in favor of married women possessing property in their own names on which they pay taxes, exercising the franchise if they so desire. She has never been a believer in universal woman franchise, however.

And yet mine eyes can see some flaws
Upon this "gold that glitters:"
I cannot think th' enticing sweets
Will prove devoid of bitters.
"Extremes are dangerous," so they say,
The "media via" choose.
I fain would find the "middle way,"
Nor yet the straight path lose.
"Justice to women" be my plea,
"Rights," as her needs demand!
And yet, should woman suffrage be,
Would we hold the bird in the hand?
If we seek to grasp from the shining bush
Two birds that allure our eye,
Will our household bird escape from our hearth,
Or, estranged, for our fond care sigh?
These are some problems I cannot solve,
Some questions that puzzle my mind.
Who is wise to unfathom the sphinx,
And the middle course to find?

If I were a statesman the problem to solve
Of "how Woman should equal Man
In political rights:" the question I'd view
From the moment when sex began.
I'd consult on the matter the laws of the land
To learn how the case stands to-day:
And then, I think, I'd take my stand
And upon the issue say

“That a man and his wife in the eyes of the law
Were one, so one vote should be theirs.”
For why should a woman who rules her home
Seek to add to her list of cares?
But all single maidens of proper years,
And widows, should voters be:
For only in this way can woman as man
Be equal politically.
And if a maid voter decides to wed,
She should forfeit her vote with her name.
If I were a statesman I'd think this fair,
As a spinster, I think the same!

1917.

UTOPIA.

WHEN the cares o' the world the soul distract,
And the mind with fears is o'er burdened;
Would ye seek that joy your labors lack'd,
In some nook where Peace lies guerdon'd?
Then to Nature's heart your footsteps wend,
From her lips soft strains are stealing;
She 'fore God's stool ever low doth bend,
And to all who seek gives healing.

Will ye cast aside your worlding strife,
Will ye list to the spirit's craving?
Will ye heed not the siren calls of life,
Nor the marts of spending and saving?
For a space forget ye have mortal frames
Which on money depend for sustaining;
And list to that voice that hath higher aims
Than your sordid toils are gaining?

Will ye leave behind the city's roar,
And the greed for power and pelf,
To embark with me for an island shore
And find, in its calm, yourself?

Fear not, frail mortal, tempestuous gales,
Nor maelstroms nor monsters: believe me
To Utopia's isle fair winds blow the sails
And her waters from fears shall reprieve be.

From our shallop frail we behold her shores
In the blue lake waves implanted.
On her black rock bed she defies the roars
Of those froth lions for her have panted.
They may break their wrath 'gainst her iron-forged
crag,—
Those dank, black crags of Utopia;
Like bloodhounds may track to their lairs the stags,
Yet it yields not, the isle of Utopia.

In her cool, dim shades, where the chipmunks play,
'Mong the pines, whose soft paths enthrall us;
We'll cast to the winds all care and stray
To some fair realm whence none can recall us.
To a land that is girt by strong, bold rocks
Like the lake-lapp'd rocks of Utopia;
Like them can withstand the tempest's shock—
Those moss-lichen'd rocks of Utopia.

A land that is haven from mortal fears,
From all doubts and ills that distress us;
From all selfish strife that our natures sears,
With worldly care to harass us.

An isle in the world where one ever might dwell,
As protected, and free as Utopia :
'Mong the wilds o' the world to man's spirit a well,
Whence Peace springs, like the peace of Utopia.

A haven where Hope her bright pennons unfurls
At the dawn of each day to revive us :
To ward off all sloth and despondence that whirls
In black, threatening eddies to rive us.
A land where Love reigns, and whose shores are as
bright
As the sun-kiss'd rocks of Utopia :
A land the moon bathes in as gentle a light
As the moon-lit rocks of Utopia !

August, 1909.

VIRUM CANO.

I SING of man—not man the fierce, the bold,
Who brags of strength, yet knows not self-control;
Who hath no law save self—his dear-prized goal:
Not Passion's slave—not him a man I hold!

I sing of man—not man the small, the meek,
Who bows and cringes to the money'd lord,
Who sways with every wind will swell his hoard,
Not man the earth-grub—'tis not he I seek!

I sing of man—not man the bookish bore,
Who, harpy-fashion, saps his strength and soul
To stock a mind that stagnates at the goal,
No life emitting—him I needs pass o'er.

I sing of man—not man the feather-brain
Who scorns all knowledge save to enrich himself;
Who thrives on foppery, on power and pelf,—
Not for my lord of Show I'd laurels gain.

I sing of man—not him who bends the knee,
And daily fears a just God he offends;
In his one nature saint and sinner blends
And trusts in Christ he's perfect—craven he!

I sing of man—not him who scorns to pray;
Who shuns the Light and boasts of earth he's lord;
Who kills his soul-life, sups at Reason's board—
Reason's and Nature's—he must pass away!

I sing the man who knows himself a man:
Who holds that black is black and white is white;
Who swerves not with the tide from left to right,
But serves himself in God—thus sing I man!

WOMAN AND THE MAN: A QUINQUENNIAL ODE.

I.

FROM Britannia's far-flung empire, from our border-
sisters near,
From Japan and myriad Europe, in our midst we
welcome here,
Woman, militant and serious, to delib'rate for a
space,
On those grave and vital problems, that concern our
time and race.

II.

Woman, lauded by the poets, as God's rarest gift to
man;
Woman, by brute man abhorred and pronounced his
moral ban;
Hath she broke her age-long fetters, risen victorious
in her might,
And proclaimed to man and nations she, his equal,
wars for Right?

III.

Yea, we trust so, we believe so: Faith must hope,
 when blind the sight,
That the dark precedes the dawning; soon shall end
 this social blight.
Soon shall end this war of sexes, selfish, human, to
 the core.
Man be man, and woman, woman; better, nobler
 than before!

IV.

“Give not knowledge to a woman, lest she flaunt it
 in thy face,
No more call thee ‘lord’ and ‘master,’ love thee not,
 nor know her place.”
So spake man all-wise, all-knowing, self a puppet-
 god adored,
Deigned to woman to admire him, slave for him,
 and call him “lord.”

V.

Thus he triumphed in his wisdom, in his selfishness
 held sway
O’er the realms of life and letters, and none rose to
 say him “nay.”
Woman bowed and cringed before him, was he not
 “all-wise,” “all-good?”
So he told her, she believed him, or imagined that
 she should!

VI.

Yet his moods at times perplex'd her, he had knowl-
edge, he had might;
But her spirit sometimes question'd, were his actions
always right?
Was the God who rul'd the heavens, like her master,
callous, cold?
While she mused came Christ the God-Man and of
love and goodness told.

VII.

And her spirit bow'd before Him, He was Wisdom,
He was Might:
He her soul priz'd, not her person: He would give
her blind eyes sight;
She would follow in His foot-steps, bear her cross
whate'er the shame,
Love mankind, and seek to bless it: if she fail'd not
her the blame!

VIII.

So with meekness and simplicity she sought the
Higher life;
Strove to serve man and obey him, be a noble mother,
wife:
And her Christian graces pleased him, lived she not
for him alone?
Thus, she thought, the Christ had bade her: man's
life priz'd she, not her own.

IX.

Now has come the great re-action, Man no more
holds despot sway:

Woman, see, hath bold determined in the world
she'll have her way!

She like guileless Eve importun'd of the tree of
knowledge, taste:—

She hath eaten, “more,” she clamors, “why should
such fruit go to waste?”

X.

Poor, misguided, fallen sister, man's good angel,
self-expell'd

From thy happiness and heaven: over-bold thou
hast rebell'd

'Gainst the God who made thee, woman: man's
rights warr'd for, not thine own,

Thou, for pottage, sold thy birthright: thou for
bread, desirest a stone!

XI.

Thou hast bound thy brow with trinkets, thou hast
left thy home and hearth:

“Man no more we'll serve, but Mammon; gold alone
shall weigh our worth:

Give us money or we toil not, self alone we serve,”
thy cry.

“We'll be merry, shun all worry, wherefore drudge?
too soon we die!”

XII.

Ominous, indeed, the out-look: selfishness through-
out the world
Stalks a wolf in mild sheep's clothing: hourly souls
to darkness hurled,
Men and women, at his bidding, sell their peace for
power or pelf,
Curse their stars, their friends, their kindred: never
think of blaming self!

XIII.

When shall dawn the great awakening? when shall
wars of discord cease?
Civic broils and jars domestic? when shall gladness
reign and peace?
Not till goodness seal the people: God be given all
honor due:
And man's watch-word "Do to others as ye would
they'd do to you."

XIV.

This the motto of the women who in Congress
gather here,
This the rule for righteous living of all Christians
far and near:
And if all who now profess it, would but practice
day by day,
Would not man as self love woman, and all discords
pass away?

XV.

Yea, we trust so, we believe so: Faith must hope
when blind the sight,
That the dark precedes the dawning; soon shall end
this social blight:
Soon shall end this war of sexes, selfish, human, to
the core,
Man be man, and woman, woman; as God wills,
forever more!

Toronto, June, 1909.

WINDS OF LIFE.

COLD the winds are blowing, blowing,
O'er the bare, bleak hills:
Ever throwing, for 'tis snowing,
'Gainst the window sills
Powdered flakes of driven snow,—
Frail, weak things of white:
Yet, with fiendish, mad delight,
Them the wild winds blow.

Cold the winds of life are blowing,
Plague-winds, these, of ill:
Which, o'er mortals frail are throwing
Woes, all weal to kill.
Yet each blast which strikes the breast,
Wounding, galling cruelly;
Hope, the healer, brings our guest,—
If we wait him duly!

TOBOGANNING SONG.

LADS and lassies, come away,—
Merry is the day;
Cold and frosty is the sky,
Snow o'er all the green doth lie.
Let us now the hills assay,
Lads and lassies come away.

Maidens, don your warmest wraps,
Never mind your looks:
O'er your heads draw tasseled caps,
Gorgeous sweaters wear, perhaps:
Be prepared for sport to-day,—
Haste, and come away.

On the slippery slides the snow
Sparkles in the sun-light:
Bright the lads and lassies' eyes
Twinkle, with the fun-light.
Let us join the merry throng;
Swell, with ours, the laughter song,
Come along!

A CHRISTMAS SONG.

SEE, o'er the weary earth,
Bare and forlorn,
Snowflakes of happy birth
Fall with the morn.
And, when we greet the night,
All will be clothed in white.

Softly the frosty stars
Fall, far and wide;
Seeking earth's ugly scars
Wholly to hide.
Grant, O dear Lord, to-night
Thee we hail, pure and white.

Star, brightest orb of gold,
Thee can I see
Heralding Him of old
Over waste lea:
Waxing in glory bright,
Till with the morn, comes Light!

Night's sable face is gay,
Spangled with stars;
Sparkles the milky way,
Lit with gold bars.
Angels on joyful wing,
Earthward the glad news bring:

"Lo, now in Bethlehem,
Christ, humble, lies:
Offspring of Jesse's stem,
Shepherds, arise.
Haste, see the wondrous Child,
Born of a Virgin mild."

Then countless angels sing,
"Glory to God."
Soon find the men their King
Where he abode,
Low in a manger laid;
Meanly in cotton swathed.

Yet these rude, simple men
Were not deceived:
Saw they His glory then,
Saw and believed.
Joyful, with one accord,
Praise they their infant Lord.

Reverent, O heart of mine
This Christmas morn ;
Worship the Babe divine
Unto you born.
Join in the Angels' lays,
Giving to God all praise.

MATERIALISM.

How can we live from day to day
The life of slothful ease?
Or, forced to toil by life's highway,
Grub servile till life cease?
And know not Beauty, know not God,
Nor seek our ways to mend:
Until, laid lowly 'neath the sod,
Our mean existence end?

SLEEP, LITTLE BABY, SLEEP.

'Tis Christmastide, and the sun shines bright,
Sleep, little baby, sleep;
The earth is clad in a mantle white
Of snow which sparkles in the light,
Sleep, little baby, sleep.

The moon in the eastern skies doth arise,
Sleep, little baby, sleep;
And thee she beholds with fast-clos'd eyes.
Thou art sleeping, thine elders for sleep have sighs,
Sleep, little baby, sleep.

Thy life is a virgin page unpenn'd,
Sleep, little baby, sleep;
May the guardian angels who over thee bend
Succor to thee and thine now send,
Sleep, little baby, sleep.

'Tis God's holy day of the waning year,
Sleep, little baby, sleep;
Let it pass, for methinks it was scant of cheer,
And has robb'd thee of one who loved thee dear,
Sleep, little baby, sleep.

For over thy home hangs a heavy cloud,
Sleep, little baby, sleep;
Thy grand-sire there rests in his sable shroud,
And thy grandam's head is with sorrow bow'd,
Sleep, little baby, sleep.

The dog that he loved will not leave her side,
Sleep, little baby, sleep;
He whines not, but constant with her doth abide:
Well knows he, I wot, that his master hath died,
Sleep, little baby, sleep.

'Tis well thou art sleeping in God's clear air,
Sleep, little baby, sleep;
Thou art safe, little godchild, in my loving care
While this doleful day to its close doth wear,
Sleep, little baby, sleep.

'Tis a week to-day since thy parents dear,
Sleep, little baby, sleep;
Had thee sealed with God's sign—now they watch
by his bier:
But a week to-day there was mirth and cheer,
Sleep, little baby, sleep.

They called thee "Virginia," 'tis a rare name,
Sleep, little baby, sleep;
To guide thee to grace it well, this be our aim!
And then from the christening we homeward came,
Sleep, little baby, sleep.

And thy grandsire, he welcomed us that happy day,
Sleep, little baby, sleep;
Alas from our midst he has passed now away,
May Heaven to his mourners yield succor and stay!
Sleep, little baby, sleep.

December 26th, 1909.

NATIONAL STANZAS.

God save our Canada,
God bless our Canada
From coast to coast.
Send her prosperity,
Strength, peace, and liberty:
May true democracy
Her people boast.

God save Britannia,
God bless Britannia
From sea to sea.
Send her prosperity,
Might, justice, unity:
And may her peoples be
Forever free!

VIA DOLOROSA.

METHINKS at times God veils His face
From warriors in Life's fight:
As clouds on dull days veil the sun,
And hide his glorious light.

How oft to simple, trustful souls,
Who joy to do God's pleasure;
He floods of light casts o'er their minds
In fulness without measure.

In fair, glad days they feel Him near,
They joy to serve Him truly;
God's love enfolds them—all is well,
Their praise they yield Him duly.

They long, perchance, for tests of strength,
"For God," they say, "we'll win!"
God veils His face, He tests their might,
Some stand and vanquish Sin!

And some in dull days sit them down,
Succumb to sinful sloth:
And some fight desperately for self,
For greed, for lust,—not Truth!

And God in Heaven veils His face
To see how they will choose:
Happy are they who stand the test,
Nor fall in Sin's fell noose!

REQUIEM.

How blest the life! how blest the death
Of one unstain'd by sin!
Whose soul from God drew vital breath
And felt God's calm within.
Now Heaven doth claim for Christ's fair crown
A jewel precious-rare.
A new star from Heaven's vast shines down,
To quell with Light, Despair!
The spirit, seal'd by Truth and Love,
Departs to dwell with God:
It kindleth still men's hearts to prove
Life mightier than the sod!

CONTEMPLATIVE MEMORY.

For sweet contemplation doth Memory still
Supply from her argosies freighted,
Some rare, tempting morsels concoted at will,
Which tickle our palate till sated.
Yet, never, alas! can these tidbits allay
The practical needs of the present;
For when from the feast Duty calls us away,
Our hunger is still more excessant!

LOVE: VERSUS POESY. A PASTORAL
ECLOGUE.

He: WILT, maiden, share my lot with me?
Naught but my love I proffer thee,
For I am poor as poor can be,
 And scarce can keep a wife.
But, an thou carest not for gold
And all that maids most precious hold,
With my strong arm I'll thee enfold,
 And guard thee as my life!

She: Nay, youth, I cannot wed with thee:
It is not Wealth that beckons me,
But one more potent, Poesy,
 Whom I have sworn to serve.
How can I then take other lord?
How live with twain in sweet accord,
Subservient at one simple board,
 Nor twixt twin duties swerve?

He: If thou wilt share my lot with me,
I'll not be prey to Jealousy:
With thee I'll welcome Poesy,
 If he our cot will grace.
And when at morn I leave thine arms
Our tender flocks to shield from harms,
'Fore him, thou may'st disport thy charms,
 I'll yield to him my place.

She: Now, by my troth, thou speak'st me fair!
Wondrous, O youth, beyond compare
Thy love for me: but, should I share
 With thee thy shepherd-cot;
If I the Muse forsake not quite,
Mayhap thou shalt return some night,
And find no supper greet thy sight,—
 How sad were then thy lot!

He: Thy words, O maid, affright me not,
If supperless shall be my lot,
I'll say 'Twas love, not bread, I sought,
 When thee I took to wife.
If, therefore, thou dost love me true,
Bid me no longer hopeless sue,
But let us love as lovers do,
 And plighted be for life.

She: What answer can I give to thee?
More strong is Love than Poesy,
Tho' scarce opposed, methinks, they be,
Since they of kindred birth.
Therefore, good youth, I'll share thy lot;
And, while I tend thy shepherd-cot,
If in my soul sweet verse be wrought,
Thou shalt adjudge its worth!

1907.

THE PATHS OF POESY.

WILT wend, sweet youth, with me,
The paths of Poesy,—
Those rugged paths which o'er th' horizon peep?
See, in the crimson sky,
The Star of Love hangs high,
And ever beckons upward o'er the steep!

Wilt leave the broad, rich plain,
Where honors thou may'st gain,
To share with me the outcast's humble lot?
Lonely those paths, for few
Their worldly gains eschew,
To face the perils wherewith they are fraught!

Weary, thou'lt find, the way;
For, 'neath our feet alway
Strange pitfalls and sharp earth-stones there will lie:
But, though the flesh be weak,
We'll faint not, but still seek
To ever upward press with steadfast eye!

There, in profusion rare,
Bloom star-eyed blossoms fair,
Which into garlands for thee I will weave.
And thou may'st pluck them, too,—
If so thou car'st to do,
And crown my tresses with their fragrant leaf!

There dwell the muses nine,—
Those goddesses divine,
Who favor'd ones inspire from day to day.
Apollo on his lyre,
Plays for the sportive quire,
While daintily they dance the hours away.

Upon our ears shall steal
Those mystic sounds unreal,
And fire our spirits with their symphony.
Entranc'd, they'll lead us on,
Until, unconscious drawn,
We reach yon heights of Love and Minstrelsy!

LOVE SONGS FROM SAPPHO.

I.

TELL me truly, heart of mine,
Why this restlessness of thine?
In my bosom burns a fire,
That thou fannest ever higher.

Whisper softly,—none must hear,
Thou dost hold a man most dear?
Fie—he does not care for thee!
There are others: let him be!

Foolish heart with fire to play!
Thou the penalty must pay:
Robed in sackcloth, steeped with woe,
Thou shalt reap what thou dost sow!

Still, I hold thee not to blame,—
Thou could'st not prevent the flame!
Let us joy, while joy we may,
Distant be the evil day!

II.

I sometimes wonder what my life would be
If he had loved me as I once believed;
(Oh, foolish heart, how wast thou so deceived?
He sought thee not—all blame belongs to thee).
I sometimes wonder, for the life I see
Appears so fair, my weeping fancy, grieved,
Needs draw the veil, since happiness conceived
Yet ne'er attained, proves wearisome to me!
True, "distance lends enchantment," so they say
And "youthful love oft bears but bitter fruit:"
But he, my love, is fairer than the day,
A youth of high ideals, and good repute.
O may I walk like him in virtue's way
And live the noble life that would him suit!

III.

Time hath not blotted out the ecstasy,
Which thrill'd my inmost being with delight,
When, o'er my dreary path there gleam'd the light
Of thy dear presence: vivid still I see
As in a glass reflected, joy and thee,—
For thou wast all my joy, yea, all my sight:
E'en as a star, new found, of radiance bright
To the entrancèd seer, so thou to me!
But now, alas, those transports, passing sweet
No more may fire the love-streams of my heart:

Stagnant within their broken fount they meet
For only thou the pent-up tides may'st start.
And now thou lackest power, lacking heat,
Which once I thought was thine : therefore we part !

IV.

Love, wherefore, art thou to thyself untrue
And thy fair name dost soil with perjuries?
Unmeet it is thou spitefully should'st do
Unto one innocent, these injuries!
I wrong'd thee not : thy faithful liegeman, I,
Yet thou my fruitful fields hast all despoil'd.
In vain to thee for recompense I cry,
It is thy sport that I by thee am foil'd!
Where shall I look for pity, then, or who
My desp'rate cause will undertake to plead?
I, plaintiff, 'fore the high tribunal sue
Love to restore that will suffice my need ;
Which means not that he give me back mine own,
But, in its stead, my love's heart he enthrone !

V.

Because my love for thee is not returned
Shall I with groanings loud lament my fate?
And curse the heavens that they my suit have spurn'd,
And made me see my folly all too late?
Say, rather, shall I not resign'd be,
Since that I gave I cannot now recall ;

And rather boast that all unasked and free,
I gave thee from my bounty forth my all.
Thy star and mine were crossèd in their course,
Why, now, and wherefore Night doth now conceal:
But Day must dawn and light then shine perforce,
That will these darksome issues plain reveal.
Then welcome Pain since Love is still thy source,
Who suffer most for others' griefs most feel!

VI.

Why dost, O Sun, disperse the dark-brow'd Dawn,
And bid Day cast her gloom and now be glad?
Is this a time for joy when Death hath drawn
My Phaon hence, and many hearts made sad?
How are the mighty fallen! my Adon-love
Has left this earth to join th' exalted shades:
Venus may woo him in the courts above,
Who upon earth, appeared to scorn all maids!
Phaon is dead, dead in his manly prime:
His powerful frame shall pace this earth no more!
He was an inspiration for my rhyme,
E'en tho' my heart he could inflame no more:
For years, afar, he was my poet's dream,
But things in youth are not all that they seem!

SMITH, THE HAIR-OIL PEDDLER.

A New York Hospital Ballad.

Dedicated to my friend, Miss Verna ———, graduate nurse, lately with U.S.A. Expeditionary Forces in France.

O YE who love a tender tale,
Now hear my simple lay,
About a man who loved a maid,
All in the good old way.

Young Smith, he was a handsome youth,—
As face and features go;
With jet black hair, and big moustache,—
An ideal lady's beau!

He was not clever, what of that?
He knew a thing or two;
For, when he talked to maids, their hearts
Unto himself he drew!

And he had money, heaps and heaps!—
 (Smith was a peddler bold,
Who carried hair-restoring oils,
 No sooner seen than sold!)

Now, in New York, while on his rounds,
 A car,—O sad mishap!
Ran o'er his leg, his beauteous leg,
 And mangled all its shape!

The people called an ambulance,
 And Smith, all drawn with pain,
Was taken to the hospital,
 And on the saw-bench lain!

Poor boy, he almost died with fright!
 “ My leg,” he gasped, “ my leg!”
“ O spare it, doctor, do not cut,—”
 They hear him, piteous, beg.

Then up there spake a winsome lass,
 A nurse, just donned her cap,
“ Can naught be done to spare the limb?
 He suffers so, poor chap!”

No heed the doctor took of her,—
 His heart was like a stone!
With teeth close set in grim delight,
 He sawed right through the bone!

The nurse inured to dreadful sights,
 Could not contain her tears;
While Smith, deep touched to see her grief,
 Forgot his former fears!

Entranced he gazed upon her face,
 And groaned but thrice aloud!
And then they bore him from the room,
 Though faint with pain, yet proud!

They laid him on a hard-tick bed,
 And left him there alone;
And straight his stump began to throb,
 And he began to groan!

A nurse in fright came running up,
 To see what he might need:
“Be off,” he growled, “you’re not the one,—
 Just let the old thing bleed!”

“But I was told to tend you, sir,”
 “Be off,” he growled, again.
She went:—but for that unknown maid
 He waited all in vain.

For three days long he kicked and fumed,
 And gave his stump no rest:
He would not eat, he would not sleep,
 All for a maid distrest!

But Death not yet may claim the youth,
For see, at dead of night,
While hopeless tossing, o'er him bends
A maiden with a light!

At sight of her his big brown eyes
Like living coals did glow:
She, startled, backward stepp'd straightway,
And made as if to go!

"O leave me not alone," he cried,
"I need your care so bad!
Just feel my brow,—it throbs with heat,
And suff'ring drives me mad!"

Now, who so heartless not to heed?
Faith, not a tender maid!
"Poor man," she said, "how sad! I'll do
Whate'er I can to aid!"

She pounded all his pillows soft,
And propped thereon his head;
Then, with cologne she bathed his brow,
And to him sweetly read!

And he,—he was in paradise!
All pain had passed away.
"I feel much better now," he said,
"Would you could stay alway!"

"I am on night work now," she said,
 "And nurse no more by day;
At midnight I will come again,
 And with you longer stay."

"Till then will be ten years," he cried,
 "I thank you kindly, Miss,
For all your goodness: with you here,
 E'en pain itself is bliss!"

"But I must go, I hear the gong,"
 The blushing maid replies;
And like a heav'nly vision bright,
 She vanished 'fore his eyes.

That night, just as the clock struck twelve,
 Smith, fev'rish with delight,
Hears gentle steps, and 'fore him stands
 His guardian angel bright!

"Why you are fev'rish still," he hears.
 In silv'ry tones, and low:
"I've more cologne, I'll bathe your brow
 And sit beside you, so!"

“ And that you may forget your pain,
Some funny tales I’ll tell
About my patients;” he, well pleased,
Both looked and listened well.

And then they talk of other things,
Of friends and dear ones home;
He is a doctor, so he says,
And loves abroad to roam.

She, too, would travel; he no more
Can keep from her his love.
“ Then, Verna, darling, roam with me,
My sweet, my only dove!”

She, taken by surprise, would flee,
But cheeks and eyes betray:
And, ’fore she knows, he’s clasp’d her close,
And she, of course, must stay!

So, till the cock did crow at dawn,
They, foolish, prate of love!
And then a day nurse takes her place,
And she is called above!

Before she leaves, some keepsake small,
He from his sweet doth pray:
So that night she a pill-box brings,
Wherewith her love may play.

Then he, a doctor, needs prescribe
Some oil to curl her hair:
And gives her straight a bottle large,
Of his own wondrous ware!

And now his wife, and crowned with curls,
She travels, far and wide:
He stumps it through the streets, while she,
Quite happy walks beside!

MY BOOKS.

Some books I own—my wealth are they,
In numbers not a few:
I love them dearly each and all,
I love them old and new.
For why? they are my treasure trove,
My dowry, should I wed:
They've much enriched my mind and life,
They've stood me in good stead.
My trusty friends, well-tried and true,
Whate'er my spirit's need;
My kind instructors who impart
That lore I love indeed.
My legions who upon me wait,
Attend me at my pleasure;
Guard me from ills, instruct, amuse,
Delight beyond all measure.
No jealousies defile their ranks,
None seeks to down his brother,
My will is law: my choice, the best:
None would suggest another.
Whate'er my whim, I'm sure to find,
Some one who yearns to share it;
When sore perplex'd, or fraught with care,
Some mute, kind friend, to bear it!

Where e'er my mood directs they go,
Where e'er I wish, they stay.
Like stars, they light my path at night,
E'en as the sun, my day!
I keep them where I will: they ask
No fair hall for their hold:
My room and den some grace: some fill
A side-board—if 'twere told!

I cannot say I recommend
To other maids whom Duty
Compels to work betimes, like place
For books of lore and beauty.
Within one's kitchen 'tis not wise
To store one's well-priz'd books:
It sadly tempts to steal from toil
At times to books, sly looks!
A moment matters not, of course,
But moments multiply,
And one may slothful habits form
In work, while Time doth fly!

With book-doors ope, on foot-stool thron'd
Full many glad hours I've spent;
And, mind and soul refresh'd, gone forth
On toil or pleasure bent.
My books like pious nun her beads
I count, my soul to strengthen:

I may not count them now, lest I
 This tale unduly lengthen.
But books of poetry, much priz'd
 Are mine—a goodly number;
And books of essays, some so learned
 My wits they quite encumber;
Fiction, I own; and histories three
 In real morocco binding:
Grave philosophic tomes, too deep
 To suit my tastes, I'm finding!
Then there's my set of birthday books,
 My latest, dear-lov'd treasures:
To own them I am glad, I'm sure,
 My life one year more measures.
But then, I prize them one and all,
 Those books,—for they are mine:
This library small I slow amassed,—
 To me it is divine!

THE EAGLES.

Two eaglets by their captor caged,
 (So runs a tale I heard)
The free expanse of heaven ne'er gauged
 As should the eagle-bird.

These birds, full-grown, were one day freed,
 Bright shone the sun, I ween ;
But they to fly knew not, indeed,
 They fluttered on the green.

There they were pounced upon and plagued
 By boys on mischief bent :
The birds succumbed, their wings soon flagged,
 They died, their strength unspent.

And thus with life, and thus with men,
 With maidens, too, I trow ;
When dull, stern skies smile bright again,
 They'll ne'er unbend the brow.

By sorrows soured, by hardships cramped,
 By narrow bounds confined ;
Their youthful, ardent hopes once damped,
 Ne'er more illumine the mind.

Content they plod the dull routine
Of mediocre life:
They look not up, their souls are lean,
They shun heroic strife.

At times upon their ears is borne
A voice from out their past:
A vision of some aim forlorn,
Or love, that did not last!

Beside the ashes for a space
Their nerveless hands they warm,
No more they seek the old-time face,
No more they think to mourn.

Content, they live the straitened life,
Nor seek hope's bright, blue sky:
Heaven grant we may not thus shun strife,
Lord, teach us how to fly!

THE STARRY HEAVENS.

How wondrous is the starry scroll of heaven,
Spread 'fore the mazèd gaze of earth-born wight!
How strange, how glorious in its magnitude
Yon archèd vault bedeck'd with orbs of light!
There to their tuneful measures march those stars
Which mark for weal or woe our destinies,
Subservient to the will of the Creator:
Who hath assign'd, they say, to radiant angels,
The honor'd role to move these stars and planets
And guide th' affairs of men. Ye heavenly sprites
Who share the secrets of the universe,
Pity our feebleness, and in your wisdom
Mark out our paths, those paths ordained of Heaven
As proper for our footsteps, for alas!
Oft do our lines of duty seem to cross,
And with perverseness to confuse our vision!

THE SIGNS OF THE FIRMAMENT.

And God said, "Let there be lights in the firmament of the heaven to divide the day from the night: and let them be for signs, and for seasons, and for days and years.—Genesis 1: 14.

A THOUGHT upon my mind is borne,
Upon my soul 'tis graven;
That God, who made the universe,
The earth, and highest heaven;
Hath yon bright orbs placed in the sky
For signs and tokens true:
The sun, our greatest orb of light,
Whose strong shafts pierce the blue,
Is to its fellow stars as Christ
To other men of God
Who in the flesh have dwelt on earth,
And earthly paths have trod.
The moon which in the depths of night
Shines bright with borrow'd ray,
Brightest of all the stars o' the sky
Reflecting the sun alway;
This female satellite to me
Of Mary, Mother, speaks;
Who, conscious of her Son divine,
Ever His glory seeks.

The myriad stars which dot the sky,
The stars so bright we see,
The stars whose lamps are now burnt out,
Belong to you and me.
At least I like to think 'tis so,
As held the seers of old;
They claimed a falling star a soul
Of flesh bereft betold.
But not for mortal minds to sound
The depths of yon bright sky:
Our souls, perchance, a gleam may catch,
And dare not press more nigh.
Yon planets, greater than our own,
Why should they yield us sign?
If God made them, and our world, too,
And Christ, His Son, divine;
And in His image made man, too,
And woman; surely we
Know all to us is not revealed
Of His immensity!
But whether God hath Holy Spouse
As Jove had Juno wife
In Grecian minds: or other Sons,
We know not in this life.
We know that Jesus is that Son
God gave to rule this earth;
And to our minds' perspective, this
Is the thing of vital worth!

THE DEFENCE OF THE LONG SAULT.

(1660)

I.

O YE, who read, with bated breath, of brave Leonidas,
How, with his Spartans, to the death he held the
far-fam'd Pass.

Know ye the tale of young Dulac, Mont Royal's
noble son,

How he, with sixteen patriots, our fair Dominion
won?

II.

The Iroquois, those warriors fierce, the white man's
dread dismay,

Like vampires thirsty for the blood of hapless,
human prey,

Infest the sombre forest depths where white man's
foot ne'er trod;

Whence, issuing forth in dread foray, they mark
with gore the sod.

From southern lairs, their savage hordes swoop
down on northern prey:—
Death and destruction to that foe they meet in mad
affray!

III.

Upon Mont Royal's verdant isle, close to the She-
Wolf's den,
The French had found a colony of brave and zealous
men.
Inspired by love of God and France, they cross'd
the Western sea,
To plant on soil of unknown wastes the cross and
fleur-de-lis.
Fearless were they, those champions bold, when
danger threaten'd nigh;
For Crown and Church the wilds they'd win, or in
th' attempt they'd die!
Dauntless were they to do and dare, these Pioneers
of France,
In spirit strong to glory win, or suffer dire
mischance.
But when unto their ears is borne the dread, blood-
curdling tale,
"The fiery Iroquois draw near." methinks brave
cheeks grew pale!

So war-worn was the garrison, so small the patriot
band,
'Gainst countless hordes of savages, how could they
hope to stand?

IV.

Up spake the Governor Maisonneuve, a man of men
most brave,
"My friends, 'tis not for us to fear the soldier's
glorious grave;
For years this little fort we've held, whilst round
us rag'd the foe,
And lo, their fiendish arms were stay'd—they feared
to strike the blow!
Now, urg'd by Frenzy, they approach,—some thou-
sand warriors bold,
And we, though stout of heart, at bay the foe scarce
hope to hold!
But consecrated are our arms to God and country
dear;
Therefore, what e'er the issue be, should we these
hell-hounds fear?"

V.

Forth from those ranks of valiant men then stepp'd
a noble youth,
Dulac des Ormeaux, who in fray would fain put
arms to proof.

Within his veins th' impetuous blood of youth leap'd
strong and free,
While from his eye there flash'd the fire, that goads
to victory.
Upon that well-known form were fix'd the eyes of
soldiers all,
Whilst, o'er th' assemblage ere he spake, a silence
deep did fall.
A hero every inch he look'd as bold he took his place
Beside the gallant Governor, and spake unto his
face,—
“ My Captain, of this garrison, the Commandant
am I,
And at my post for God and King, I'd count it joy
to die!
But not within these palisades, may I await the foe.
There is a voice that bids me hence to strike the
desp'rate blow!
The vanguard of the Iroquois, the flower of that
fierce race,
Upon the banks of the Ottawa have found a resting
place.
Anon from thence their muster'd braves will swiftly
sail away
To straightway pounce with fury, on us, their fore-
doom'd prey.
When they their dire descent begin, with sixteen
comrades sworn,

Would I their furious onslaught stem, in hopes,
with war-locks shorn,
Their frenzied rage may straight abate, their mur-
d'rous plottings cease;
And they our homes and settlements may leave to
thrive in peace.
It is, we know, a venture mad—no quarter will be
given,
No quarter shown—our lives are doom'd,—but
Death's the path to Heaven!
Say, then, my Captain, but the word, we're eager
for the fray;
Our wills are made, our plans matur'd, at once we'd
haste away!"

VI.

How weak are words, how colorless, when in man's
soul there well
The deep'st emotions: it is then, Silence doth cast
her spell.
Too mov'd were they, those men, for speech; each
grasped in turn the hand
Of young Dulac, and of each youth, compos'd th'
heroic band.
Upon the morrow, arm'd for war. the youths con-
fession made,
Receiv'd the holy sacrament, and 'fore the altar
prayed.

Then of their friends and kindred dear, they took a
last farewell:
How solemn-sad those partings were,—for life each
heart knew well!
But Duty beckons sternly hence; they needs the
call obey,
So with war-weaponry equipp'd, they embark and
sail away.

VII.

Past wooded shores and crag-crown'd hills, their
shallops swiftly glide;
Till Night doth bid them stop and rest, beside the
troubled tide,
Where at St Anne's the blue-green wave doth mingle
with the brown.
Where, from her pine-clad mountain steeps, the
Ottawa hasteth down
To join for aye that River-Chief, the great St. Law-
rence tide,—
'Twas here for days their foam-fleck'd waves the
voyageurs defied!
At length they near the Long Sault Pass, where
rapids, wildly grand,
Toss jets of seething surf aloft; and here, perforce,
they land:
An old redoubt of logs, rough-hewn, close to the
rapid's roar,

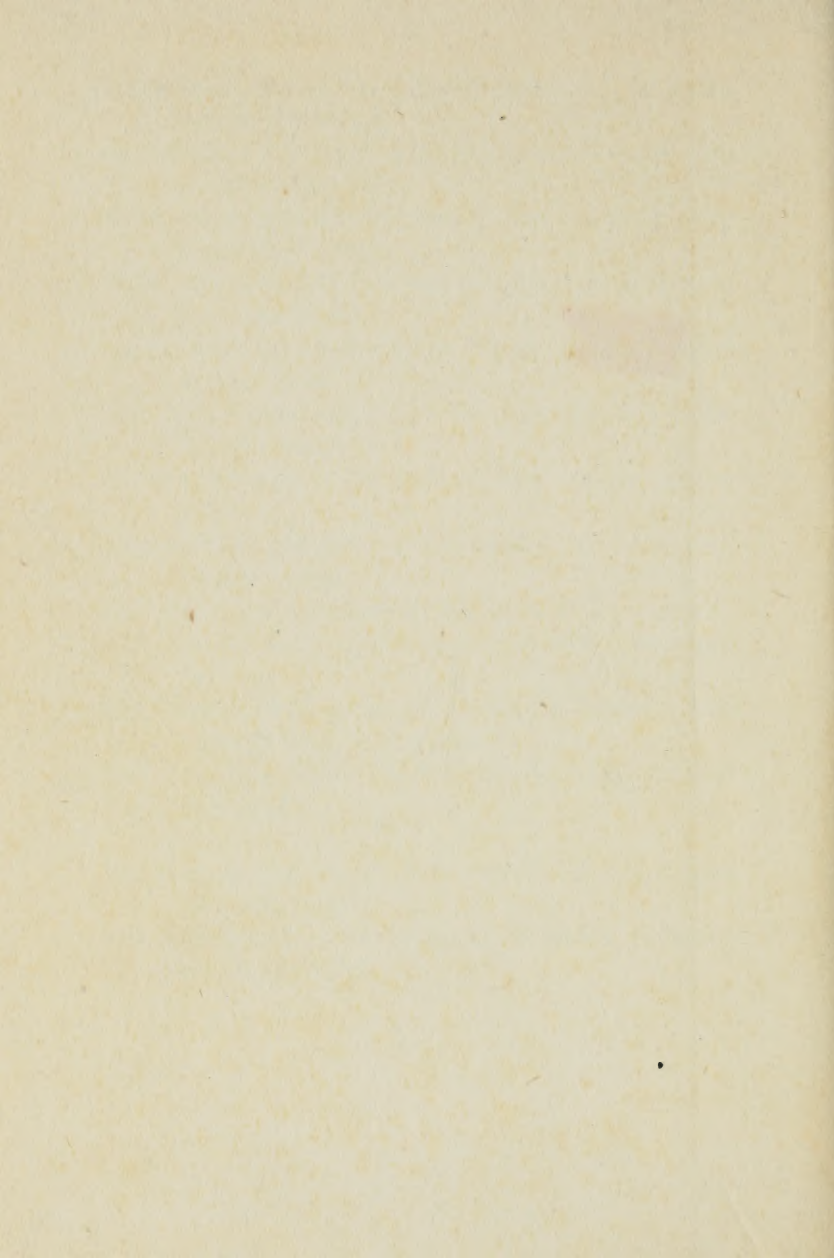
Doth greet their eyes ; this they possess, and bivouac
on the shore.
Here two score Huron join their ranks, and four
Algonquin braves,—
A night and day they watch and pray, beside the
swirling waves ;
Then, with the morn, adown the flood, cutting the
waves with glee,
Two frail canoes of Iroquois, the French and allies
see.
As they approach, a volley fierce the savages
dismay ;
Death claims four braves,—one flees unscath'd into
the woods away.
He to his kin, two hundred strong, doth tell the
direful tale :
At once inflam'd for mad revenge, adown the tide
they sail.

VIII.

Within their fort, all undismay'd, the allies await
th' attack.
The Iroquois, by shot repuls'd, like craven dogs turn
back.
A fort they build, and summon aid,—five hundred
warriors strong,
Who near the Richelieu were camp'd,—nor did they
tarry long !

Their brief respite the French had used, to build
 within their fort,
 An earth-wall pierc'd with loop-holes,—some two
 score musket-port.
 When, therefore, to th' attack the foe with fury
 press once more,
 From out these breaches volleys dart, and o'er them
 Death-hail pour.
 Again and yet again they come—that dreadful
 savage band,
 And still unflinching, man to man, the brave de-
 fenders stand!
 By day, by night, the Indians like angry hornets
 swarm
 Around that redoubt,—all in vain! its walls they
 cannot storm!
 But see! upon th' horizon the allies fierce appear,
 And now the Hurons craven turn, and flee, o'ercome
 by Fear!
 The French, with cries of "*Vive la France*," still
 bravely hold their ground,
 And for three days the Iroquois in vain the fort
 surround!

 But now at last Might doth prevail,—the Foe have
 won the day!
 The patriots die: but Canada is saved to white
 man's sway!



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Clarke, Violet Alice
The vision of democracy



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